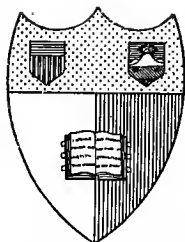




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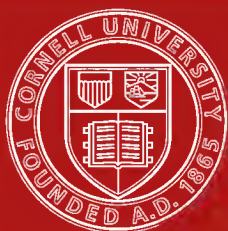
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Edited by F. J. Furnivall and the late
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AS YOU LIKE IT

by

William Shakespeare

EDITED BY

F. J. FURNIVALL, M.A., PH.D., D.LITT.

HONORARY FELLOW OF TRINITY HALL, CAMBRIDGE
FOUNDER AND DIRECTOR OF THE NEW SHAKSPEARE SOCIETY, ETC.
FELLOW OF THE BRITISH ACADEMY

INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY

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As You Like It

INTRODUCTION

DATE

As You Like It was first entered in the Stationers' Register on August 4, 1600, together with *Much Ado*, *Henry V*, and Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*. To all of them the curious note 'to be stayed' was attached, and it is difficult to understand the reason for this: three of these plays were printed within a few months of this entry, but *As You Like It* made its first appearance in the Folio of 1623. The entry, however, forms a later limit for the composition of *As You Like It*, while an earlier limit is suggested by the fact that it is not mentioned by Meres in his famous enumeration of Shakespeare's works in his *Palladis Tamia* of 1598. There are many passages in the play which have been thought to bear a topical significance: of these the most important is the famous allusion to Marlowe,

'Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might
Whoever loved that loved not at first sight,'

in the fifth scene of the third act.

The second line of this couplet is a quotation from Marlowe's *Hero and Leander* which was printed in 1598. This goes to confirm the negative evidence supplied by Meres to fix 1598 as a lower limit. The reference to 'Diana in the fountain' has been thought to have been suggested by the erection of a statue of Diana in West Cheap in 1596: the description, however, is not an accurate one and this allusion cannot be accepted as proved when we consider how very frequently Diana was the figure chosen to ornament fountains in Elizabeth's time. Various editors have seen references to the statute prohibiting the use of

As You Like It.

oaths in plays, and to the penal laws against witchcraft which were drawn up in 1603 and 1605 respectively. These, again, are unsatisfactory, as the passages seem too general to be intended as conveying any distinct reference to particular laws: nor, indeed, would they prove anything as to the later date of the play even if they could be admitted. Nevertheless the *Hero and Leander* quotation, and the omission of mention by Meres together with the entry in the Stationers' Register combine to settle the play's date within well-defined limits.

Turning to internal evidence the same conclusion is arrived at. Leaving aside the songs and the love-rhymes which Orlando indulged in, rhyme is comparatively scarce: double and light endings are by no means unusual: the diction is distinctly that of the second period where thought and expression are balanced. In fact, both the subject and treatment are in some ways akin to *Much Ado about Nothing*, and combined with the similar diction, and the simultaneous entry of the two plays in the Register, it is difficult to resist the conclusion that the two plays were written at no great distance of time apart from each other: it is perhaps 'to enquire too curiously' which preceded the other, but either the latter part of 1599 or the beginning of 1600 may be set down as the probable date of composition of *As You Like It*.

THE TEXT

No quarto edition of *As You Like It* exists: as has already been said the issue of one seems to have been contemplated, but the note 'to be stayed'—whatever its reasons may have been—appears to have been effective enough in this instance. The play first appeared in the Folio of 1623, where it is placed between the *Merchant of Venice* and the *Taming of the Shrew*. With practically one exception editors agree in regarding the text as unusually satisfactory in the famous edition of Heminge and Condell: and as this one exception produces nothing of any consequence to support his opinion, the reliability of the Folio version may be admitted. Such inaccuracies as 'Juno's swans,' the confusion between the statues of Rosalind and Celia, must be attributed rather to the author than the printer: while the ambiguity of time is merely an instance of a device which

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Shakespeare has freely availed himself of, namely, that of 'double time.'

SOURCE

The plot of *As You Like It* is taken from Lodge's *Rosalynde*, which as its sub-title 'Euphuus and his golden legacy' indicates, was written at a time when Euphuism was still rampant, and the name of the verbose hero was still a valuable asset. Pastoral sweetness and melodramatic action are blended together in this novel. Rosader, on account of his excellent parts and his large possessions, is hated by his brother Saladyne; the latter persuades him to wrestle at the court, hoping he will be killed. He comes off victor, however, and falls in love with Rosalynde. Returning home to his brother, he is subjected to many indignities, and eventually flies to the forest of Arden. Thither also have gone Rosalynde, disguised as a page, under the name of Ganymede, and Alinda, now known as Aliena, the daughter of the usurper who is in power, both having been banished. Rosader meets Ganymede, and there is much discussion between them on the subject of love. He is persuaded to undergo a mock-marriage with her, and eventually all is revealed and is consummated in their marriage. Saladyne comes to the forest, exiled by the usurper, falls in love with and marries Aliena, after having been rescued from a lion by his brother and repented. A shepherd, Montanus, is in love with a shepherdess, Phœbe, who disdains him, but falls in love with Ganymede, and finding out the personality of the latter, marries her devoted admirer.

The true king is also in the forest, and happily witnesses the marriage of Rosader and Rosalynde: after which an army of the usurper comes to attack him, but is repulsed by his noble friends, and the king enjoys his own again.

Here then is the outline of all the various stories that combine to form the plot of *As You Like It*.

The characters of Jacques, Touchstone, William and Audrey are Shakespeare's independent creations. There are also several differences between novel and play, of which the following may be mentioned.

(1) In the play, Orlando is hated by his brother for his excel-

As You Like It.

lence and manliness, while in the novel, greed is made to play a stronger part.

(2) In the novel, Rosader is congratulated by the usurper on his success, and there is no marring note as there is in the play. He proceeds home with many boon companions, and resides there some time before proceeding to Arden.

(3) In the novel Alinda is banished by her father; in the play she voluntarily accompanies her friend.

(4) The treatment of the forest scenes is almost radically different. In the play anything that may mar the pastoral harmony is dismissed; thus the attack of robbers on Aliena and Ganymede is not alluded to: while the fight at the end is avoided by the sudden repentance of the usurping duke. In the love-scenes between Orlando and Rosalynde, wit and humour, with an undercurrent of tenderness, are the prevailing note: in the novel these scenes are abundantly strewn with eclogues, and the conversation is of an entirely artificial turn, elaborate in simile with but little humour. In the play, the courtship of Oliver and Celia is rapidly passed over: in the novel it is given at much greater length.

For a more detailed comparison of the source and play, as well as for the text itself of Lodge's *Rosalynde*, the reader must be referred to Mr. W. W. Greg's edition in the 'Shakespeare Classics.'

As You Like It is essentially one of the 'joyous comedies' which may be grouped with *Much Ado* and *Twelfth Night*. It is, in fact, the one to which this application is specially fit. In both of the other two plays of the group, sadness and even despair reigns at least for a time. In *As You Like It*, the forest of Arden seems magically to dispel the thoughts of adversity and misfortune, and a cheerful optimism, which cheerily rises above hardship and injustice, is the key-note of the play. The leading characters require no comment: Rosalind's only fault is that the prominence afforded her by the poet causes Celia to be dwarfed; a fact which readers who have been led to take a lively interest in her in the early part of the play can only regret. Her marriage with Oliver is one of the worst instances in Shakespeare of an artificial and conventional completion of a portrait which has been begun with so much promise. Jacques is an original

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conception of the poet : he cannot be said to be a very pleasing one. The famous 'seven ages' speech is justly admired ; but it is rather for the language than the sentiments that this admiration is justified. Jacques is full of cheap cynical philosophy, which he is wholly unable to maintain when he meets with any one 'disputable' : he perhaps approximates to the type of railer familiar to readers of early Jonsonian comedy. In the play he forms a useful foil to the manly cheerfulness of Orlando, and the happy contentedness of Rosalind, and each of these easily succeeds in putting him down, while he is a capital vehicle for the poet to express some good-natured satire on some of the foibles of the Elizabethan gallant. Touchstone is, perhaps, the first line of demarcation in the various stages of Shakespeare's clowns which may be traced in the change from Launcelot Speed to the sorrowful fool of *King Lear* : his devotion to his mistress endears us to him, while his fooling of the shepherd, and his famous divisions of the lie are genuinely humorous, and do more than make only the groundlings laugh.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.¹

[The References are to 1st Speeches in each Scene. When an Actor is mute, the Scene in which he appears is given.]

- Duke Senior**, *Huling in banishment*, II.i.1, p. 17; vii.1, p. 28; V.iv.1, p. 73.
- Duke FREDERICK**, *his brother, and usurper of his dominions*, I.ii.136, p. 9; II.ii.1, p. 19; III.i.1, p. 34.
- AMYENS** (or **AMIENS**), II.i.18, p. 17; v.1, p. 25; vii.173, p. 33; *as a Mute*, V.iv. p. 73.
- IAQUES**, II.v.9, p. 25; vii.12, p. 28; III.ii.241, p. 41; iii.7, p. 46; IV.i.1, p. 54; ii.1, p. 60; V.iv.35, p. 74.
- 1st Lord, II.i.25, p. 18; vii.3, p. 28; 2nd Lord, II.i.65, p. 19; A Lord, IV.ii.2, p. 60.
- 1st Page, V.iii.6, p. 71; 2nd Page, V.iii.8, p. 71.
- LE BEU**, *a Courtier attending upon FREDERICK*, I.ii.90, p. 8.
- 1st Lord, *attending on FREDERICK*, II.ii.4, p. 19; 2nd Lord, *of Ilke estats*, II.ii.8, p. 19.
- CHARLES**, *Duke FREDERICKS Wrestler*, I.i.87, p. 3; ii.183, p. 10.
- OLIVER**, I.i.27, p. 2; III.i.13, p. 34; IV.iii.75, p. 63; V.ii.5, p. 68.
- IAQUES**, V.iv.144, p. 77.
- ORLANDO**, I.i.1, p. 1; ii.153, p. 9; II.iii.1, p. 20; vi.4, p. 27; vii.88, p. 30; III.ii.1, p. 34; IV.i.27, p. 55; V.ii.1, p. 68; iv.3, p. 73.
- ADAM**, I.i.24, p. 1; II.iii.2, p. 20; vi.1, p. 27; vii.168, p. 33.
- DENNIS**, I.i.80, p. 3.
- A Clown or Motley, *named TOUCHSTONE*, I.ii.53, p. 7; II.iv.2, p. 22; III.ii.12, p. 35; iii.1, p. 46; V.i.1, p. 66; iii.1, p. 71; iv.38, p. 74.
- Sir OLIVER MAR-TEXT**, *a Vicar*, III.iii.60, p. 47.
- CORIN**, *an old man*, II.iv.19, p. 23; III.ii.11, p. 35; iv.42, p. 50; V.i.57, p. 67; *as a Mute*, III.v. p. 50.
- SILVIUS**, *a yong man, in loue with PHEBE*, II.iv.20, p. 23; III.v.1, p. 50; IV.iii.6, p. 61; V.ii.78, p. 70; iv.17, p. 73.
- WILLIAM**, *a country Clowne, in loue with AUDREY*, V.i.13, p. 66.
- An Actor, presenting HYMEN*, V.iv.101, p. 76.

¹ The heading of the Dramatis Personæ in *How a Man may choose a good Wife from a bad*.—Hazlitt's *Dodsley*, ix. 4.

Persons Represented.

ROSALIND (or **ROSALINE**), daughter to the banished Duke, I.ii.2, p. 5; iii.3, p. 13; for **GANIMED**, II.iv.1, p. 22; III.ii.81, p. 37; iv.1, p. 48; v. 35, p. 51; IV.i.3, p. 54; iii.1, p. 61; V.ii.17, p. 68; iv.5, p. 73.

CELIA, daughter to **FREDERICK**, I.ii.1, p. 5; iii.1, p. 13; for **ALIENA**, II.iv.8, p. 22; III.ii.118, p. 38; iv.2, p. 48; IV.i.60, p. 56; iii.3, p. 61; as a **Mute**, III.v. p. 50; V.iv. p. 76.

PHEBE, a Shepherdess, beloved by **SILVIUS**, III.v.8, p. 50; V.ii.78, p. 70; iv.12, p. 73.

AUDREY (or **AWDRIE**), a country Wench, III.iii.4, p. 46; V.i.3, p. 66; as a **Mute**, V.iv. p. 74.

The Scenes supposed. Oliviers orchard, I.i. pp. 1-5: Before Oliviers house, II.iii. pp. 20-22: Before Duke Fredericks palace, I.ii. pp. 5-13: Duke Fredericks palace, I.iii. pp. 13-17; II.ii. pp. 19, 20; III.i. p. 34: The Forrest of Arden, II.i. pp. 17-19; iv-vii. pp. 22-33; III.ii.-V.iv. pp. 34-78.

The Time¹ embraced by the Play cannot be ascertained, the Interim between scene II. and III., in Act III., being of indefinite duration. 10 Days are represented on the Stage, and 3 Interims elapse.

Day 1, I.i. pp. 1-5: **Day 2**, I.ii.iii. pp. 5-17; II.i. pp. 17-19: **Day 3**, II.ii.iii. pp. 19-22: *Interim of a few days*: **Day 4**, II.iv. pp. 22-25: **Day 5**, II.v.vi.vii.; III.i. pp. 25-34: *Interim of a few days*: **Day 6**, III.ii. pp. 34-45: *Interim*: **Day 7**, III.iii. pp. 46-48: **Day 8**, III.iv.v.; IV.; V.i. pp. 48-67: **Day 9**, V.ii.iii. pp. 68-72: **Day 10**, V.iv. pp. 73-78.

¹ We throw sc. iii. Act II., and sc. i. Act III. into Days 3 and 5 respectively, because the distance between the Duke's palace and Oliver's house may have been too great to allow Orlando to reach home before Day 3, the day after the wrestling-match, and for Oliver—sent for on Day 3—to arrive at the court before Day 5. Mr. Daniel bracketed these scenes under Days 2 and 3 respectively, as being out of place. For the rest, we follow his Time-Analysis in the *New Sh. Soc.'s Transactions*, 1877-79, pp. 156-162.

NOTICE

In the Text, black type (Clarendon or *Sans-serif*) is used for all emendations and insertions.

In the Notes 'F' means the First Folio of 1623, from which the text is edited. F2, the Second Folio of 1632 (whose emendations are not treated as Shakspere's).

¶ In the Text, means that the speaker turns and speaks to a fresh person.

Words having now a different stress to the Elizabethan, are generally accented, for the reader's convenience, as 'exile,' &c. When -ed final is pronounced as a separate syllable, the e is printed ē.

As You Like It

[From the First Folio of 1623.]

As you Like it.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

OLIUERS Orchard.

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

Oriando.

AS I remember, *Adam*, it was vpon this fashion: **My Father** bequeathed me by will but poore a thousand Crownes; and, as thou saist, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed mee well: and there begins [4 my sadnesse. My brother *Iaques*, he keepes at schoole, and report speakes goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keepes me rustically at home, or (to speak more properly) staies me heere at home vnkept; for call you that 'keeping' [8 for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an Oxe? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are faire with their feeding, they are taught their man-nage, and, to that end, Riders deerely hir'd: but I (his [12 brother) gaine nothing vnder him but growth, for the which his Animals on his dunghils are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully giues me, the something that Nature gaue mee, his countenance seemes to [16 take from me: hee lets mee feede with his Hindes, barres mee the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, *Adam*, that grieues me; and the spirit of my Father, which I [20 thinke is within mee, begins to mutinie against this seruitude. I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to auoid it.

Adam. Yonder comes my Master, your brother. 24

Orlan. Goe a-part, *Adam*, and thou shalt heare how he will shake me vp! [ADAM draws back.

1, 2. *fashion: My Father*] fashion; my father Heath conj. fashion F.

As you like it.

Enter OLIVER.

Oli. Now, Sir! what make you heere?

Orl. Nothing: I am not taught to 'make' any thing. 28

Oli. What mar you then, fir?

Orl. Marry, fir, I am helping you to 'mar' that which God made, a poore vnworthy brother of yours, with idleneffe.

Oliuer. Marry, fir, be better employed, and be naught a while! 33

Orlan. Shall I keepe your hogs, and eat huskes with them? What prodigall portion haue I spent, that I should come to such penury? 36

Oli. Know you where you are, fir?

Orl. O, fir, very well: heere in your Orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom, fir?

Orl. I, better then him I am before knowes mee. I [40 know you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of bloud, you should so know me. The courtesie of nations allowes you my better, in that you are the first borne; but the same tradition takes not away my bloud, were there [44 twenty brothers betwixt vs: I haue as much of my Father in mee as you; albeit, I confesse, your comming before me is neerer to his reuerence.

Oli. What, Boy! 48

Orl. Come, come, elder brother! you are too yong in this.

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villaine?

[*ORL. seizes him by the throat.*

Orl. I am no villaine: I am the yongest sonne of Sir Rowland de Boys; he was my Father; and he is thrice a [52 villaine that saies such a Father begot villaines! Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, till this other had puld out thy tongue for saying so: thou hast raild on thy selfe. 56

Adam. [*coming forward*] Sweet Masters, bee patient! for your Fathers remembrance, be at accord!

Oli. Let me goe, I say!

Orl. I will not, till I please: you shall heare mee! [60 My Father charg'd you in his will to giue me good education:

26. *Enter Oliuer.*] F (after l. 23).

As you like it.

you haue train'd me like a pezant, obfcuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities. The ſpirit of my father growes ſtrong in mee, and I will no longer endure it: [64 therefore allow me ſuch exerciſes as may become a gentleman, or giue mee the poore allottery my father left me by teſtament! With that I will goe buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is ſpent? [68 Well, fir, get you in! I will not long be troubled with you; you ſhall haue ſome part of your will: I pray you, leaue me!

Orl. I will no further offend you then becomes mee for my good. 72

Oli. [to ADAM] Get you with him, you olde dogge!

Adam. Is 'old dogge' my reward? Moſt true, I haue loſt my teeth in your ſeruiſe. God be with my olde maſter! he would not haue ſpoke ſuch a word. [*Ex. ORL. and AD.* 76

Oli. Is it euen ſo? Begin you to grow vpon me? I will phyſicke your ranckenefſe, and yet giue no thouſand crownes neyther. Holla, *Dennis*!

Enter DENNIS.

Den. Calls your worſhip? 80

Oli. Was not *Charles*, the Dukes Wraſtler, heere to ſpeake with me?

Den. So pleaſe you, he is heere at the doore, and importunes acceſſe to you. 84

Oli. Call him in! [*Exit DENNIS.*] 'Twill be a good way; and to morrow the wraſtling is.

Enter CHARLES.

Cha. Good morrow to your worſhip! 87

Oli. Good Mounſier *Charles*, what's the new newes at the new Court?

Charles. There's no newes at the Court, Sir, but the olde newes: that is, the old Duke is baniſhed by his yonger brother the new Duke; and three or foure louing Lords [92 haue put themſelues into voluntary exile with him, whoſe lands and reuenues enrich the new Duke; therefore he giues them good leaue to wander.

Oli. Can you tell if *Rosalind*, the Dukes daughter, bee baniſhed with her Father? 97

As you like it.

Cha. O, no! for the Dukes daughter, her Cofen, fo loues her, (being euer from their Cradles bred together,) that shee would haue followed her exile, or hane died to stay behind her. She is at the Court, and no lesse beloued of her Vncle [101 then his owne daughter; and neuer two Ladies loued as they doe.

Oli. Where will the old Duke liue?

Cha. They say hee is already in the Forrest of *Arden*, and a many merry men with him; and there they liue like [106 the old *Robin Hood* of *England*: they say many yong Gentle-men flocke to him euery day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world. 109

Oli. What, you wrastle to morrow before the new Duke?

Cha. Marry, doe I, fir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am giuen, fir, secretly to vnderstand, that your yonger brother, *Orlando*, hath a disposition to come in disguised against mee to try a fall. To morrow, fir, I [114 wrastle for my credit; and hee that escapes me without some broken limbe, shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender; and, for your loue, I would bee loth to foyle him, as I must, for my owne honour, if hee [118 come in: therefore, out of my loue to you, I came hither to acquaint you withall; that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brooke such disgrace well as he shall runne into; in that it is a thing of his owne search, and altogether against my will. 123

Oli. *Charles*, I thanke thee for thy loue to me, which thou shalt finde I will most kindly requite. I had my selfe notice of my Brothers purpose heerein, and haue by vnder-hand [126 meanes laboured to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. Ile tell thee, *Charles*: it is the stubborne yong fellow of *France*; full of ambition, an enniuous emulator of euery mans good parts, a secret & villanous contriuer against mee [130 his naturall brother: therefore vse thy discretion; I had as lief thou didst breake his necke as his finger! And thou wert best looke to't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if hee doe not mightilie grace himselfe on thee, hee [134 will practise against thee by poyson, entrap thee by some

As you like it.

treacherous deuife, and neuer leaue thee till he hath tane thy life by some indirec[t] meanes or other; for, I assure thee, (and almost with teares I speake it,) there is not one so young, [138 and so villanous, this day liuing! I speake but brotherly of him; but should I anathomize him to thee, as hee is, I must blush, and weepe, and thou must looke pale and wonder. 141

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If hee come to morrow, Ile giue him his payment! if euer hee goe alone againe, Ile neuer wrastle for prize more: and so, God keepe your worship! [Exit. 145

Ol. Farewell, good *Charles*! Now will I stirre this Gamester! I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soule (yet I know not why) hates nothing more then he. Yet hee's gentle; neuer school'd, and yet learned; full of noble deuife; of all sorts enchantingly beloued; and, indeed, so much in the [150 heart of the world, and especially of my owne people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised! But it shall not be so long! this wrastler shall cleare all! Nothing remains but that I kindle the boy thither; which now Ile goe about. [Exit.

Actus Primus. Scœna Secunda

Lawn before the DUKES Palace.

Enter ROSALIND, and CELLIA.

Cel. I pray thee, *Rosalind*, sweet my Coz, be merry! 1

Ros. Deere *Cellia*, I shew more mirth then I am mistresse of; and would you yet I were merrier? Vnlesse you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learne mee how to remember any extraordinary pleasure. 5

Cel. Heerein I see thou lou'st mee not with the full waight that I loue thee. If my Vncle, thy banished father, had banished thy Vncle, the Duke my Father, so thou hadst [8 beene still with mee, I could haue taught my loue to take thy father for mine: so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy loue to me were so righteously temper'd as mine is to thee. 11

As you like it.

Rof. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to reioyce in yours.

Cel. You know my Father hath no childe but I, nor none is like to haue: and, truely, when he dies, thou shalt be his heire; for what hee hath taken away from thy father [16 perforce, I will render thee againe in affection: by mine honor, I will! and, when I breake that oath, let mee turne monster! therefore, my sweet *Rofe*, my deare *Rofe*, be merry! 20

Rof. From henceforth I will, Coz; and deuise sports. Let me see: what thinke you of falling in Loue?

Cel. Marry, I prethee, doe, to make sport withall: but loue no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport neyther, then (with safety of a pure bluth) thou maist in honor come off againe. 26

Rof. What shall be our sport, then?

Cel. Let vs fit and mocke the good houwifwe, Fortune, from her wheele, that her gifts may henceforth bee bestowed equally. 30

Rof. I would wee could doe so; for her benefits are mightily misplaced; and the bountifull blinde woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women. 33

Cel. 'Tis true; for those that she makes faire, she scarce makes honest; & those that she makes honest, she makes very illfaunredly. 36

Rof. Nay, now thou goest from Fortunes office to Natures: Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of Nature. 39

Enter Clowne (TOUCHSTONE).

Cel. No? when Nature hath made a faire creature, may she not by Fortune fall into the fire? Though Nature hath giuen vs wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this foole to cut off the argument? 43

Rof. Indeed, there is Fortune too hard for Nature, when Fortune makes Natures naturall the cutter off of Natures witte. 46

Cel. Peraduenture this is not Fortunes work neither, but Natures, who perceiueth our naturall wits too dull to reason

As you like it.

of such goddeffes, **and** hath sent this Naturall for our whetstone; for alwaies the dulnesse of the foole is the whetstone of the wits. ¶ How now, Witte! whether wander you? 52

Clow. Mistresse, you must come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

Clo. No, by mine honor! but I was bid to come for you.

Rof. Where learned you that oath, foole? 56

Clo. Of a certaine Knight, that swore by his Honour they were good Pan-cakes, and swore by his Honor the Mustard was naught: Now, Ile stand to it, the Pancakes were naught, and the Mustard was good; and yet was not the Knight forsworne. 61

Cel. How proue you that, in the great heape of your knowledge?

Rof. I, marry, now vnmuzzle your wisedome! 64

Clo. Stand you both forth, now: stroke your chinnes, and sweare by your beards that I am a knaue!

Cel. By our beards (if we had them) thou art. 67

Clo. By my knauerie (if I had it) then I were; but if you sweare by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his Honor, for he neuer had anie; or, if he had, he had sworn it away before euer he saw those Pancakes, or that Mustard. 72

Cel. Prethee, who is't that thou means't?

Clo. One that old *Fredericke*, your Father, loues.

Cel. My Fathers loue is enough to honor him: enough! speake no more of him! you'll be whipt for taxation one of these daies. 77

Clo. The more pittie, that fooles may not speake wisely, what Wisemen do foolishly.

Cel. By my troth, thou saiest true; for, since the little wit that fooles haue was silenced, the little foolerie that wise men haue makes a great shew. Heere comes Monsieur *Beu*! 83

Rof. With his mouth full of newes.

Cel. Which he vvill put on vs, as Pigeons feed their young.

49. *and*] Malone.

75. *Cel.*] Theobald. Ros. F.

53. *father*] farther F.

¹ So F. *Le Beau* Fz.

As you like it.

Rof. Then shal we be newes-cram'd.

Cel. All the better; we shalbe the more Marketable. 88

Enter LE BEAU.

¶ *Bon-iour, Monsieur le Beau!* what's the newes?

Le Beau. Faire Princeesse, you haue lost much good sport.

Cel. 'Sport'! of what colour?

Le Beau. 'What colour,' Madame! How shal I aunswer you? 93

Rof. As wit and Fortune will.

Clo. Or as the Destinies decrees.

Cel. Well said! that was laid on with a trowell. 96

Clo. Nay, if I keepe not my ranke, . . .

Rof. Thou loofest thy old smell.

Le Beau. You amaze me, Ladies! I would haue told you of good wrastling, which you haue lost the sight of. 100

Rof. Yet tell vs the manner of the Wrastling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning; and, if it please your Ladiships, you may see the end; for the best is yet to doe; and heere, where you are, they are comming to performe it. 105

Cel. Well, 'the beginning,' that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man, and his three sons, . . .

Cel. I could match this 'beginning' with an old tale. 108

Le Beau. Three proper yong men, of excellent growth and preface.

Rof. With bils on their neckes: 'Be it knowne vnto all men by these presents.' 112

Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrastled with *Charles* the Dukes Wrastler; which *Charles* in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribbes, that there is little hope of life in him: So he seru'd the second, and so the third. Yonder [116 they lie; the poore old man, their Father, making such pittiful dole ouer them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Rof. Alas! 120

Clo. But what is the 'sport,' Monsieur, that the Ladies haue lost?

88. *Enter Le Beau.*] F (after l. 83).

89. *Bon-iour*] Boon-iour F.

As you like it.

Le Beau. Why, this that I speake of. 123

Clo. Thus men may grow wiser every day! It is the first time that euer I heard breaking of ribbes was 'sport' for Ladies. 126

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Rof. But is there any else longs to see this broken Musicke in his sides? Is there yet another doates vpon rib-breaking? ¶ Shall we see this wraffling, Cousin? 130

Le Beau. You must, if you stay heere; for heere is the place appointed for the wraffling, and they are ready to performe it.

Cel. Yonder, sure, they are comming. Let vs now stay and see it! 135

Flourish. Enter DUKE FREDERICK, Lords, ORLANDO, CHARLES, and Attendants.

Duke F. Come on! since the youth will not be intreated, his owne perill on his forwardnesse!

Rof. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Euen he, Madam. 139

Cel. Alas, he is too yong! yet he looks successefully.

Du. F. How now, daughter, and Cousin! are you crept hither to see the wraffling?

Rof. I, my Liege, so please you giue vs leaue. 143

Du. F. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you; there is such oddes in the man. In pitie of the challengers youth, I would faine dissuade him, but he will not bee entreated. Speake to him, Ladies! see if you can moue him. 148

Cel. Call him hether, good Monsieur *Le Beau*!

Duke F. Do so! Ile not be by. [DUKE goes apart.]

Le Beau. Monsieur the Challenger, the Princeesse calls for you!

Orl. I attend them with all respect and dutie. 153

Rof. Young man, haue you challeng'd *Charles* the Wraffler?

Orl. No, faire Princeesse; he is the generall challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth. 157

As you like it.

Cel. Yong Gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your yeares. You haue seene cruell prooffe of this mans strength: if you saw your selfe with your eies, or knew your selfe with your iudgment, the feare of your aduenture would counfel you to a more equall enterprife. We pray you, for [162 your owne sake, to embrace your own safetie, and giue ouer this attempt.

Rof. Do, yong Sir! your reputation shall not therefore be misprised: we wil make it our suite to the Duke, that the wraffling might not go forward. 167

Orl. I beseech you, punish mee not with your harde thoughts; wherein I confesse me much guiltie, to denie so faire and excellent Ladies anie thing. But let your faire [170 eies, and gentle wishes, go with mee to my triall; wherein if I bee foil'd, there is but one sham'd that vvas neuer gracious; if kil'd, but one dead that is willing to be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I haue none to lament [174 me; the world no iniurie, for in it I haue nothing; onely in the world I fil vp a place, which may bee better supplied when I haue made it emptie. 177

Rof. The little strength that I haue, I would it vvere with you!

Cel. And mine, to eeke out hers!

Rof. Fare you well: praie heauen I be deceiu'd in you!

Cel. Your hearts desires be with you! 182

Char. Come, where is this yong gallant that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

Orl. Readie, Sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working. 186

Duk. F. You shall trie but one fall.

Cha. No, I warrant your Grace, you shall not entreat him to a second, that haue so mightilie perswaded him from a first.

Orl. You meane to mocke me after: you should not haue mockt me before: but come your waies! 191

Rof. Now *Hercules* be thy speede, yong man!

Cel. I would I were inuisible, to catch the strong fellow by the legge! [Wrafile. 194

Rof. Oh excellent yong man!

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eie, I can tell who should downe. [CHARLES is thrown. Shout.

I. ii. 158-197.]

As you like it.

Duk. F. No more, no more! 198
Orl. Yes, I beseech your Grace: I am not yet well
 breath'd. 200
Duk. F. How do'st thou, *Charles*?
Le Beau. He cannot speake, my Lord.
Duk. F. Beare him awaie! [CHARLES is borne out.
 ¶ What is thy name, yong man?
Orl. Orlando, my Liege; the yongest sonne of Sir *Roland*
de Boys. 204
Duk. F. I would thou hadst bene son to some man else:
 The world esteem'd thy Father honourable,
 But I did finde him still mine enemie:
 Thou should'st haue better pleas'd me with this deede,
 Hadst thou descended from another house. 209
 But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth:
 I would thou had'st told me of another Father!
 [Exeunt DUKE FRED., Train, and LE BEAU.
Cel. Were I my Father, (Coze,) would I do this?
 (*Orl.* I am more proud to be Sir *Rolands* sonne, 213
 His yongest sonne; and would not change that calling,
 To be adopted heire to *Fredericke*.)
Ros. My Father lou'd Sir *Roland* as his soule,
 And all the world was of my Fathers minde: 217
 Had I before knowne this yong man his sonne,
 I should haue giuen him teares vnto entreaties,
 Ere he should thus haue ventur'd!
Cel. Gentle Cosen,
 Let vs goe thanke him, and encourage him! 221
 My Fathers rough and enuious disposition
 Sticks me at heart. ¶ Sir, you haue well deseru'd:
 If you doe keepe your promises in loue
 But iustly, as you haue exceeded all promise, 225
 Your Mistris shall be happie!
Ros. Gentleman,
 [Throwing a chain from off her neck round his.
 Weare this for me (one out of suites with Fortune)
 That could giue more, but that her hand lacks meanes! 228
 ¶ Shall we goe, Coze?

211. *Exeunt* . . .] Exit Duke. F. 215. *Fredericke*] *Fredericke F.*

As you like it.

Cel. I. ¶ Fare you well, faire Gentleman! 229

[*ROS. & CEL. turn to go.*]

Orl. Can I not say, 'I thanke you'? My better parts
Are all throwne downe; and that which here stands vp
Is but a quintine, a meere liewesse blocke.

Rof. He calvs back: my pride fell with my fortunes; 233
He aske him what he would. ¶ Did you call, Sir?
Sir, you haue wrattled well, and ouerthrowne
More then your enemies.

Cel. Will you goe, Coze?

Rof. Haue with you! ¶ Fare you well! 237

[*Exeunt ROSALIND, CELIA, and Clown.*]

Orl. What passion hangs these waights vpon my toong?
I cannot speake to her, yet she vrg'd conference.

O poore *Orlando*, thou art ouerthrowne!

Or *Charles*, or something weaker, masters thee. 241

Re-enter LE BEU.

Le Beau. Good Sir, I do in friendship counsaile you
To leaue this place. Albeit you haue deferr'd
High commendation, true applause, and loue,
Yet such is now the Dukes condition, 245
That he misconfers all that you haue done.

The Duke is humorous: what he is, indeede,
More suites you to conceiue, then I to speake of.

Orl. I thanke you, Sir; and, pray you, tell me this! 249
Which of the two was daughter of the Duke,
That here was at the Wraffling?

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we iudge by manners;
But yet, indeede, the taller¹ is his daughter: 253
The other is daughter to the banish'd Duke,
And here detain'd by her vsurping Vncle,
To keepe his daughter companie; whose lones
Are deerer then the naturall bond of Sisters. 257
But I can tell you, that of late this Duke
Hath tane displeasure 'gainst his gentle Neece;
Grounded vpon no other argument,

237. *Exeunt* . . .] Exit. F.

241. *Re-enter* . . .] Enter Le Beau. F (after l. 239).

¹ really 'shorter': see I. iii. 110,
p. 16.

I. ii. 229-260.]

As you like it.

But that the people praise her for her vertues, 261
And pittie her, for her good Fathers sake;
And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the Lady
Will sodainly breake forth! Sir, fare you well!
Hereafter, in a better world then this, 265
I shall desire more loue and knowledge of you.

Orl. I rest much bounden to you: fare you well!

[*Exit LE BEAU.*

Thus must I from the smoake into the smother;
From tyrant Duke, vnto a tyrant Brother. 269
But heauenly *Rosaline*! [*Exit.*

Actus Primus. Scena Tertia.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter CELIA and ROSALINE.

Cel. Why, Cofen! why, *Rosaline*! *Cupid* haue mercie!
Not a word?

Rof. Not one to throw at a dog. 3

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away vpon
curs; throw some of them at me! come, lame mee with
reasons! 6

Rof. Then there were two Cofens laid vp; when the one
should be lam'd with reasons, and the other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your Father? 9

Rof. No, some of it is for my childe's Father.¹ Oh, how
full of briers is this working day world! 11

Cel. They are but burs, Cofen, throwne vpon thee in holi-
day foolerie: if we walke not in the trodden paths, our very
petty-coates will catch them.

Rof. I could shake them off my coate: these burs are in
my heart. 16

Cel. Hem them away!

Rof. I would try, if I could cry 'hem,' and haue him.

Cel. Come, come, wrastle with thy affections!

Scena Tertia.] *Scena Tertius. F.* | stood) was thinking of Orlando.
¹ So *F.* She (Theobald under- | *father's child* Rowe.

As you like it.

Ref. O, they take the part of a better wraffler then my selfe! 21

Cel. O, a good with vpon you! you will trie in time, in dispiight of a fall. But, turning these iests out of seruice, let vs talke in good earnest. Is it possible, on such a sodaine, [24] you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir *Roulands* yongest sonne?

Ref. The Duke, my Father, lou'd his Father deerelie. 27

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue that you should loue his Sonne deerelie? By this kinde of chafe, I should hate him, for my father hated his father deerely; yet I hate not *Orlando*.

Ref. No, faith, hate him not, for my sake!

Cel. Why should I not? doth he not deserue well? 32

Ref. Let me loue him for that, and do you loue him because I doe! Looke, here comes the Duke!

Cel. With his eies full of anger.

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, with Lords.

Duk. F. [to *ROS.*] Mistris, dispatch you with your safest haste, 36

And get you from our Court!

Ref. Me, Vncle?

Duk. F. You, Cousen :

Within these ten daies if that thou beeft found
So neere our publike Court as twentie miles,
Thou diest for it!

Ref. I doe beseech your Grace, 40
Let me the knowledge of my fault beare with me!
If with my selfe I hold intelligence,
Or haue acquaintance with mine owne desires;
If that I doe not dreame, or be not franticke, 44
(As I doe trust I am not,) then, deere Vncle,
Neuer so much as in a thought vnborne,
Did I offend your highnesse!

Duk. F. Thus doe all Traitors :
If their purgation did consist in words, 48
They are as innocent as grace it selfe :
Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not!

35. *Enter . . . Lords.] Enter . . . Lords, F (after l. 32).*

As you like it.

Rof. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a Traitor :
Tell me whereon the likelihoods depends ! 52
Duk. F. Thou art thy Fathers daughter ; there's enough.
Rof. So was I when your highnes took his Dukdome ;
So was I when your highnesse banisht him :
Treason is not inherited, my Lord ; 56
Or, if we did deriue it from our friends,
What's that to me ? my Father was no Traitor :
Then, good my Leige, mistake me not so much,
To thinke my pouertie is treacherous ! 60
Cel. Deere Soueraigne, heare me speake !
Duk. F. I, *Celia* ; we staid her for your sake ;
Elfe had she with her Father rang'd along.
Cel. I did not then intreat to haue her stay ; 64
It was your pleasure, and your owne remorse :
I was too yong that time to value her,
But now I know her : if she be a Traitor,
Why, so am I ! we still haue slept together, 68
Rose at an instant, learn'd, plaid, eate together ;
And wherefoere we went, like *Iunos* Swans,
Still we went coupled and inseperable.
Duk. F. She is too subtile for thee ; and her smoothnes, 72
Her verie silence, and her patience,
Speake to the people, and they pittie her.
Thou art a foole ! she robs thee of thy name ;
And thou wilt show more bright, & seem more vertuous, 76
When she is gone. Then open not thy lips :
Firme and irreuocable is my doombe,
Which I haue past vpon her : she is banish'd !
Cel. Pronounce that sentence then on me, my Leige ! 80
I cannot liue out of her companie.
Duk. F. You are a foole ! ¶ You, Neice, prouide your selfe !
If you out-stay the time, vpon mine honor,
And in the greatnesse of my word, you die ! 84
[*Exeunt* *DUKE, &c.*]
Cel. O my poore *Rosaline*, whether wilt thou goe ?
Wilt thou change Fathers ? I will giue thee mine.
I charge thee, be not thou more grieu'd then I am.

As you like it.

<i>Ref.</i> I haue more caufe.	
<i>Cel.</i> Thou haft not, Cofen ;	88
Prethee, be cheerefull ! know'ft thou not, the Duke	
Hath banifh'd me, his daughter ?	
<i>Ref.</i> That he hath not.	
<i>Cel.</i> No ? hath not ? <i>Rofaline</i> lacks then the loue	
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one :	92
Shall we be fundred ? fhall we part, fweete girle ?	
No ! let my Father feeke another heire !	
Therefore deuife with me how we may flie,	
Whether to goe, and what to beare with vs :	96
And doe not feeke to take your change ¹ vpon you,	
To beare your griefes your felfe, and leaue me out ;	
For, by this heauen, now at our forrowes pale,	
Say what thou canft, Ile goe along with thee !	100
<i>Ref.</i> Why, whether fhall we goe ?	
<i>Cel.</i> To feeke my Vncle in the Forreft of <i>Arden</i> .	
<i>Ref.</i> Alas, what danger will it be to vs	
(Maides as we are) to trauell forth fo farre !	104
Beautie prouoketh theeues, fooner then gold.	
<i>Cel.</i> Ile put my felfe in poore and meane attire,	
And with a kinde of vंबर fmirch my face ;	
The like, doe you : fo fhall we paffe along,	108
And neuer flir affailants.	
<i>Ref.</i> Were it not better	
(Beaufe that I am more then common tall)	
That I did fuite me all points like a man ?	
A gallant curtelax vpon my thigh,	112
A bore-fpeare in my hand ; and, (in my heart	
Lye there what hidden womans feare there will,)	
Weele haue a fwashing and a marshall outfide ;	
As manie other mannifh cowards haue,	116
That doe outface it with their femblances.	
<i>Cel.</i> What fhall I call thee when thou art a man ?	
<i>Ref.</i> Ile haue no worfe a name then <i>Ioues</i> owne Page ;	
And therefore looke you call me ' <i>Ganimed</i> .'	120
<i>Cel.</i> But what will you be call'd ?	
<i>Cel.</i> Something that hath a reference to my ftate :	

¹ change (*sc.*) of Fortune. *charge* F2. 121. *be*] by F.
I. iii. 88-122.] 16

As you like it.

No longer *Celia*, but *Aliena*.

Ref. But, Cosen, what if we affaid to steale
The clownish Foole out of your Fathers Court? 124
Would he not be a comfort to our trauaile?

Cel. Heele goe along ore the wide world with me;
Leaue me alone to woe¹ him! Let's away, 128
And get our Iewels and our wealth together;
Deuise the fittest time, and safest way
To hide vs from purfuite that will be made
After my flight! Now goe we in content,
To libertie, and not to banishment! [*Exeunt.* 133]

Aëtus Secundus. Scœna Prima.

The Forrest of Arden.

*Enter DUKE Senior; AMYENS, and two or three Lords,
like Forrefters.*

Duk. Sen. Now, my Coe-mates and brothers in exile, 1
Hath not old custome made this life more sweete
Then that of painted pompe? Are not these woods
More free from perill then the enuious Court? 4
Heere feele we but the penaltie of *Adam*,
The seasons difference; as, the Icie phange
And churlish chiding of the winters winde,
Which when it bites and blowes vpon my body, 8
Euen till I shrinke with cold, I smile, and say,
'This is no flattery: these are counsellors
That feelingly perswade me what I am: '
Sweet are the vses of aduersitie, 12
Which, like the toad, ougly and venemous,
Weares yet a precious Iewell in his head:
And this our life, exempt from publike haunt,
Findes tongues in trees, bookes in the running brookes, 16
Sermons in stones, and good in euery thing!
I would not change it.

Amien.

Happy is your Grace,

¹ *woe* = *wooe*.

132. *we in*] F2. in we F.

5. *but*] Theobald. not F.

18. *I would not change it.*

Amien. Happy] Dyce (Upton conj.). *Amien.* I would not change it, happy F.

[I. iii. 123-133; II. i. 1-18.

As you like it.

That can translate the stubbornness of Fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a stile. 20

Du. Sen. Come, shall we goe and kill vs venison?
And yet it irkes me, the poore dapled fooles
(Being natue Burgers of this desert City)
Should, in their owne confines, with forked heads 24
Haue their round hanches goard.

1. *Lord.* Indeed, my Lord,
The melancholy *Iaques* grieues at that;
And, in that kinde, sweares you doe more vsurpe
Then doth your brother that hath banish'd you. 28
To day, my Lord of *Amiens*, and my selfe,
Did steale behinde him, as he lay along
Vnder an oake, whose anticke roote peepes out
Vpon the brooke that brawles along this wood. 32
To the which place a poore sequestred Stag
(That from the Hunters aime had tane a hurt)
Did come to languish; and, indeed, my Lord,
The wretched animall heau'd forth such groanes, 36
That their discharge did stretch his leatherne coat
Almost to bursting, and the big round teares
Cours'd one another downe his innocent nose
In pittieus chafe: and thus the hairie foole, 40
Much marked of the melancholie *Iaques*,
Stood on th'extremest verge of the swift brooke,
Augmenting it with teares.

Du. Sen. But what said *Iaques*?
Did he not moralize this spectacle? 44

1. *Lord.* O, yes, into a thousand families.
First, for his weeping into the needlesse streame;
'Poore Deere!' quoth he, 'thou mak'st a testament
As worldlings doe, giuing thy sum of more 48
To that which had too much:' then, being there alone,
Left and abandoned of his veluet friends;
'Tis right,' quoth he; 'thus miserie doth part
The Fluxe of companie:' anon a carelesse Heard, 52
Full of the pasture, iumps along by him,
And neuer staies to greet him; 'I,' quoth *Iaques*,

49. *much*] F2. must F.

50. *friends*] Rowe. friend F.

As you like it.

'Sweep on, you fat and greazie Citizens!
'Tis iust the fashio: wherefore doe you looke 56
Vpon that poore and broken bankrupt there?'
Thus most inuectiueli he pierceth through
The body of the Countrie, Citie, Court,
Yea, and of this our life; swearing that we 60
Are meere vsurpers, tyrants, and what's worfe,
To fright the Annimals, and to kill them vp,
In their assign'd and natue dwelling place.
D. Sen. And did you leaue him in this contemplation? 64
2. Lord. We did, my Lord, weeping and commenting
Vpon the sobbing Deere.
Du. Sen. Show me the place!
I loue to cope him in these fullen fits,
For then he's full of matter. 68
1. Lor. Ile bring you to him strait. [Exeunt.]

Actus Secundus. Scena Secunda.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, with Lords.

Duk. F. Can it be possible that no man saw them? 1
It cannot be! some villaines of my Court
Are of consent and fufferance in this.
1. Lo. I cannot heare of any that did see her. 4
The Ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a bed; and, in the morning early,
They found the bed vntreasur'd of their Mistris.
2. Lor. My Lord, the roynish Clown, at whom so oft, 8
Your Grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.
Hesperia, the Princeesse Gentlewoman,
Confesses, that she secretly ore-heard
Your daughter and her Cosen much commend 12
The parts and graces of the Wraffler¹
That did but lately foile the synowie *Charles*;

59. *the*] F2.

10. *Gentlewoman*] Centlewoman F.

¹ *Wrast(e)ler* is here made three syllables.

As you like it.

And the beleuees, where euer they are gone,
That youth is surely in their companie. 16

Duk. F. Send to his brother; fetch that gallant hither!
If he be absent, bring his Brother to me;
He make him finde him! do this sodainly!
And let not searh and inquisition quaille, 20
To bring againe these foolish runawaies! [*Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Tertia.

Before Oliners House.

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM, meeting.

Orl. Who's there? 1

Ad. What, my yong Master? Oh my gentle master!
Oh my sweet master! O you memorie
Of old Sir Rowland! why, what make you here? 4
Why are you vertuous? Why do people loue you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?
Why would you be so fond, to ouercome
The bonie prifer of the humorous Duke? 8
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not, Master, to some kinde of men,
Their graces serue them but as enemies?
No more doe yours: your vertues, gentle Master, 12
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
Oh, what a world is this, when what is comely
Enuenoms him that beares it!

Orl. Why, what's the matter?

Ad. O unhappie youth, 16
Come not within these doores! within this rooffe
The enemye of all your graces liues:
Your brother (no, no brother! yet the sonne . . .
Yet not the son, I will not call him son 20
Of him I was about to call his Father)

21. *Exeunt.*] Exunt F. | bonnie F.
8. *bonie*] boney Warburton. | 10. *some*] seeme F
II. ii. 15-21; iii. 1-21.] 20

As you like it.

Hath heard your praises; and this night he meanes
To burne the lodging where you vse to lye,
And you within it: if he faile of that, 24
He will haue other meanes to cut you off:
I ouerheard him, and his practises.
This is no place; this house is but a butcherie:
Abhorre it, feare it, doe not enter it! 28
Orl. Why, whether, *Adam*, would'st thou haue me go?
Ad. No matter whether, so you come not here.
Orl. What! would'st thou haue me go & beg my food,
Or, with a base and boistrous Sword, enforce 32
A theeuiſh liuing on the common roade?
This I muſt do, or know not what to do:
Yet this I will not do, do how I can;
I rather will ſubiect me to the malice 36
Of a diuerted blood, and bloudie brother.
Ad. But do not ſo! I haue five hundred Crownes,
The thriſtie hire I faued vnder your Father,
Which I did ſtore, to be my foſter Nurſe, 40
When ſeruiſe ſhould in my old limbs lie lame,
And vnregarded age in corners throwne:
Take that! and He that doth the Rauens feede,
Yea, prouidently caters for the Sparrow, 44
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
All this I giue you! Let me be your ſeruant!
Though I looke old, yet I am ſtrong and luſtie;
For in my youth I neuer did apply 48
Hot, and rebellious liquors in my bloud;
Nor did not with vnbaſhfull forehead woe,¹
The meanes of weakneſſe and debilitie;
Therefore my age is as a luſtie winter, 52
Froſtie, but kindly: let me goe with you!
He doe the ſeruiſe of a yonger man,
In all your buſineſſe and neceſſities.
Orl. Oh good old man, how well in thee appeares 56
The conſtant ſeruiſe of the antique world,
When ſeruiſe ſweate for dutie, not for meede!
Thou art not for the faſhion of theſe times,

29. *Orl.*] *Ad.* F.

¹ *woe* = *wooe* F.

As you like it.

Where none will sweate, but for promotion ; 60
And, hauing that, do choake their seruice vp,
Euen with the hauing : it is not so with thee.
But, poore old man, thou prun'ft a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossome yeele, 64
In lieu of all thy paines and husbandrie.
But come thy waies, wee le goe along together ;
And ere we haue thy youthfull wages spent,
Wee le light vpon some fetled low content. 68
Ad. Master, goe on, and I will follow thee,
To the last gaspe, with truth and loyalty ! 70
From seauenteene yeeres till now almost fourescore,
Here liu'd I, but now liue here no more. 72
At seauenteene yeeres, many their fortunes seeke ;
But, at fourescore, it is too late a weeke : 74
Yet fortune cannot recompence me better,
Then to die well, and not my Masters debter. [*Exeunt.* 76

Actus Secundus. Scena Quarta.

The Forrest of Arden.

*Enter ROSALINE for GANIMED, CELIA for ALIENA, and
Clowne, alias TOUCHSTONE.*

Ros. O *Iupiter*, how weary are my spirits !

Clo. I care not for my 'spirits,' if my legges were not
wearie. 3

Ros. I could finde in my heart to disgrace my mans ap-
parell, and to cry like a woman ; but I must comfort the
weaker vessell, as doublet and hose ought to shew it selfe
coragious to petty-coate : therefore, courage, good *Aliena* ! 7

Cel. I pray you, beare with me ! I cannot goe no further.

Clo. For my part, I had rather 'beare' with you, then beare
you : yet I should beare no crosse, if I did beare you ; for I
thinke you haue no money in your purse. 11

Ros. Well, this is the Forrest of *Arden*.

71. *seauenteene*] seventeen Rowe. | 1. *weary*] Theobald (Warbur-
seauentie F. | ton). merry F.

As you like it.

Clo. I, now am I in *Arden*: the more foole I! when I was at home, I was in a better place; but Trauellers must be content. 15

Rof. I, be so, good *Touchstone*!

Enter CORIN and SILVIUS.

Look you, who comes here! a yong man, and an old, in solemne talke.

Cor. That is the way to make her scorne you still. 19

Sil. Oh *Corin*, that thou knew'st how I do loue her!

Cor. I partly guesse; for I haue lou'd ere now.

Sil. No, *Corin*, being old, thou canst not guesse,

Though in thy youth thou wast as true a louer 23

As euer figh'd vpon a midnight pillow:

But if thy loue were euer like to mine,

(As sure I thinke did neuer man loue so,)

How many actions most ridiculous, 27

Haft thou beene drawne to by thy fantasie?

Cor. Into a thousand that I haue forgotten.

Sil. Oh, thou didst then nere loue so hartily!

If thou remembrest not the flightest folly 31

That euer loue did make thee run into,

Thou hast not lou'd!

Or if thou hast not fat as I doe now,

Wearing thy hearer in thy Mistris praise, 35

Thou hast not lou'd!

Or if thou hast not broke from companie,

Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,

Thou hast not lou'd!

O *Phebe*, *Phebe*, *Phebe*! 39

[*Exit.*

(*Rof.* Alas, poore Shepheard! searching of thy wound,

I haue (by hard aduenture) found mine owne. 42

Clo. And I mine. I remember, when I was in loue, I broke my sword vpon a stone, and bid him take that for comming a night to *Iane Smile*: and I remember the kissing of her batler, and the Cowes dugs that her prettie chopt [46 hands had milk'd: and I remember the wooing of a peafcod

16. *Enter . . .*] F (after l. 15). | 41. *thy wound*] Rowe. they
30. *nere*] ne'er Rowe. neuer F. | would F.

As you like it.

instead of her, from whom I tooke two cods, and, giuing her them againe, said with weeping teares, 'Weare these for my sake!' Wee, that are true Louers, runne into strange [50 capers; but as all is mortall in nature, so is all nature in loue, mortall in folly.

Ref. Thou speak'st wiser then thou art ware of.

Clo. Nay, I shall nere be ware of mine owne wit, till I breake my shins against it. 55

Ref. *Ioue, Ioue!* this Shepherds passion Is much vpon my fashion. 57

Clo. And mine; but it growes something stale with mee.

Cel. I pray you, one of you question yon'd man, If he for gold will giue vs any foode : 60
I faint almost to death.)

Clo. Holla, you Clowne!

Ref. Peace, foole! he's not thy kinsman.

Cor. Who calls? 61

Clo. Your betters, Sir.

Cor. Else are they very wretched.

Ref. Peace, I say! ¶ Good euen to you, friend! 64

Cor. And to you, gentle Sir, and to you all!

Ref. I prethee, Shepheard, if that loue or gold Can in this desert place buy entertainment, Bring vs where we may rest our selues, and feed! 68
Here's a yong maid, with trauaile much oppressed,
And faints for succour.

Cor. Faire Sir, I pittie her, And wish, for her sake more then for mine owne, My fortunes were more able to releuee her; 72
But I am shepheard to another man,

And do not sheere the Fleeces that I graze : My master is of churlish disposition, And little wreakes¹ to finde the way to heauen 76
By doing deeds of hospitalitie :

Befides, his Coate, his Flockes, and bounds of feede, Are now on sale, and at our sheep-coat now, By reason of his absence, there is nothing 80
That you will feed on; but, what is, come see,

64. *you*] your F.

¹ reckes, cares.

As you like it.

And in my voice, most welcome shall you be! 82
Rof. What is he that shall buy his flocke and pasture?
Cor. That yong Swaine that you saw heere but erewhile,
That little cares for buying any thing. 85
Rof. I pray thee, if it stand with honestie,
Buy thou the Cottage, pasture, and the flocke!
And thou shalt have to pay for it of vs. 88
Cel. And we will mend thy wages. I like this place,
And willingly could waste my time in it.
Cor. Assuredly the thing is to be sold:
Go with me! if you like, vpon report, 92
The soile, the profit, and this kinde of life,
I will your very faithfull Feeder be,
And buy it with your Gold right sodainly. [Exeunt. 95

Actus Secundus. Scena Quinta.

Another part of the Forrest.

Enter AMYENS, IAQUES, & others.

Song.

Amyens. Vnder the greene wood tree,
who loues to lye with mee, 2
And turne his merrie Note
vnto the sweet Birds throte, 4
Come hither! come hither! come hither!
Heere shall he see
No enemy,
But Winter and rough Weather. 8
Iaq. More, more! I pre'thee, more!
Amy. It will make you melancholly, Monsieur *Iaques*.
Iaq. I thanke it. More, I prethee, more! I can sucke
melancholly out of a song, as a Weazel suckes egges. More,
I pre'thee, more! 13
Amy. My voice is ragged: I know I cannot please you!
Iaq. I do not desire you to please me; I do desire you to
sing. Come, more! another stanza! Cal you'em 'stanzo's'?

3. *turne*] turne (turned u) F. tune Rowe (ed. 2).

As you like it.

Amy. What you wil, Monsieur *Iaques*. 17

Iaq. Nay, I care not for their names; they owe mee nothing. Wil you sing?

Amy. More at your request, then to please my selfe. 20

Iaq. Well then, if euer I thanke any man, Ile thanke you: but that they cal complement is like th'encounter of two dog-Apes. And when a man thankes me hartily, me thinkes I haue giuen him a penie, and he renders me the [24
beggerly thanks. Come, sing! ¶ and you that wil not, hold your tongues!

Amy. Wel, Ile end the song. ¶ Sirs, couer the while! the Duke wil drinke vnder this tree. ¶ He hath bin all this day to looke you. 29

Iaq. And I haue bin all this day to auoid him. He is too disputeable for my companie: I thinke of as many matters as he, but I giue Heauen thanks, and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come! 33

Song.

[*Altogether heere.*

*Who doth ambition shunne,
and loues to liue i'th Sunne;* 35

*Seeking the food he eates,
and pleas'd with what he gets,* 37

*Come hither! come hither! come hither!
Heere shall he see, &c.*

Iaq. Ile giue you a verse to this note, that I made yesterday in despight of my Inuention. 41

Amy. And Ile sing it.

Iaq. Thus it goes: [*The rest gather round him.*

*If it do come to passe,
That any man turne Affe,* 45

*Leauing his wealth and ease,
A stubborne will to please,* 47

*Ducdamè, ducdamè, ducdamè!
Heere shall he see*

*Grosse fooles as he,
And if he will come to me.* 51

43. *Iaq.*] *Amy.* F.

As you like it.

Amy. What's that 'Ducdamè'?

Iag. 'Tis a *Greeke* inuocation, to call fools into a circle. Ile go sleepe, if I can; if I cannot, Ile raile against all the first borne of *Egypt*.

Amy. And Ile go seeke the Duke: his banket is prepar'd.
[*Exeunt seuerally.*]

Actus Secundus. Scena Sexta.

Another part of the Forrest.

Enter ORLANDO & ADAM.

Adam. Deere Mafter, I can go no further! O, I die for food! Heere lie I downe, and meafure out my graue. Farwel, kinde mafter!

Orl. Why, how now, *Adam*! no greater heart in [4 thee? Liue a little! comfort a little! cheere thy felfe a little! If this vncouth Forrest yeeld any thing sauage, I wil either be food for it, or bring it for foode to thee. Thy conceite is neerer death, then thy powers. For my sake be [8 comfortable! hold death a while at the armes end! I wil heere be with thee presently; and if I bring thee not something to eate, I wil giue thee leaue to die: but if thou dieft before I come, thou art a mocker of my labor. Wel said!¹ thou look'ft cheerely, and Ile be with thee quickly. Yet [13 thou liest in the bleake aire. Come, I wil beare thee to some shelter; and thou shalt not die for lacke of a dinner, if there liue any thing in this Defert. Cheerely, good *Adam*! 16
[*Exit, bearing ADAM.*]

¹ *Wel said* = Well done, that's right. Cf., e. g., *Ant. & Cleo.*, IV. iv. 28.

16. *Exit . . . Adam.*] *Exeunt.* F.

As you like it.

Actus Secundus. Scena Septima.

*Another part of the Forrest (the same as in Sc. v.).
A Table set out.*

Enter DUKE SEN., AMIENS, & Lords, like Out-lawes.

Du. Sen. I thinke he be transform'd into a beaft; 1
For I can no where finde him, like a man.

1. *Lord.* My Lord, he is but euen now gone hence : 4
Heere was he merry, hearing of a Song.

Du. Sen. If he, compact of iarres, grow Muficall,
We shall hane shortly discord in the Spheares.
Go seeke him ! tell him I would speake with him !

Enter IAQUES.

1. *Lord.* He faues my labor by his owne approach. 8

Du. Sen. Why, how now, Monsieur ! what a life is this,
That your poore friends must woe¹ your companie ?
What, you looke merrily !

Iaq. A Foole, a foole ! I met a foole i'th Forrest, 12
A motley Foole ; (a miserable world !)

As I do liue by foode, I met a foole,
Who laid him downe, and bask'd him in the Sun,
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good termes, 16
In good fet termes, and yet a motley foole.

'Good morrow, foole !' (quoth I.) 'No, Sir,' quoth he,
'Call me not foole, till heauen hath sent me fortune !'
And then he drew a diall from his poake, 20

And, looking on it with lacke-lustre eye,
Sayes, very wifely, 'It is ten a clocke :
Thus we may fee' (quoth he) 'how the world waggess :
'Tis but an houre agoe since it was nine, 24
And, after one houre more, 'twill be eleuen ;
And so, from houre to houre, we ripe, and ripe,
And then, from houre to houre, we rot, and rot ;

Lords] Lord F.

¹ *woe* = woee.

As you like it.

- And thereby hangs a tale.' When I did heare 28
The motley Foole thus morall on the time,
My Lungs began to crow like Chanticleere,
That Fooles should be so deepe contemplatiue;
And I did laugh, fans intermissiō, 32
An houre by his diall. Oh, noble foole!
A worthy foole! Motley's the onely weare!
Du. Sen. What foole is this?
Iaq. O worthie Foole! One that hath bin a Courtier, 36
And faves, if Ladies be but yong, and faire,
They haue the gift to know it: and in his braine,
(Which is as drie as the remainder bisket
After a voyage,) he hath strange places cram'd 40
With obseruation, the which he vents
In mangled formes. O that I were a foole!
I am ambitious for a motley coat.
Du. Sen. Thou shalt haue one.
Iaq. It is my onely sute; 44
Provided that you weed your better iudgements
Of all opinion that growes ranke in them,
That I am wise. I must haue liberty
Withall, as large a Charter as the winde, 48
To blow on whom I please; for so fooles haue:
And they that are most gaul'd with my folly,
They most must laugh. And why, sir, must they so?
The 'why' is plaine as way to Parish Church. 52
Hee, that a Foole doth (very wisely) hit,
Doth (very foolishly, although he smart)
Seeme senselesse of the bob; if not,
The Wife-mans folly is anathomiz'd 56
Euen by the squandring glances of the foole.
Inuest me in my motley! Giue me leaue
To speake my minde! and I will through and through
Cleansse the foule bodie of th'infected world, 60
If they will patiently receiue my medicine.
Du. Sen. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst do.
Iaq. What, for a Counter, would I do, but good?
Du. Sen. Most mischeeuous foule sin, in chiding sin: 64

38. *braine*] *braiue* (turned *n*) F.

48. *Withall*] *Withthall* F.
64. *sin*] *fin* F.

As you like it.

For thou thy selfe hast bene a Libertine,
As sensuall as the brutish thing it selfe;
And all th'imboſſed fores, and headed euils,
That thou with license of free foot hast caught, 68
Would'ſt thou diſgorge into the generall world.

Iaq. Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein taxe any priuate party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the Sea, 72
Till that the wearers verie meanes do ebbe?
What woman in the Citie do I name,
When that I ſay the City woman beares
The coſt of Princes on vnworthy ſhoulders? 76
Who can come in, and ſay that I meane her,
When ſuch a one as ſhee, ſuch is her neighbor?
Or what is he of baſeſt function,
That ſayes his brauerie is not on my coſt, 80
(Thinking that I meane him,) but therein ſuites
His folly to the mettle of my ſpeech?
'There then!' 'How then? what then!' Let me ſee wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right, 84
Then he hath wrong'd himſelfe; if he be free,
Why, then my taxing, like a wild-goofe, flies,
Vnclaim'd of any man.—But who comes here?

Enter ORLANDO, with his ſword drawn.

Orl. Forbeare, and eate no more!
Iaq. Why, I haue eate none yet. 88
Orl. Nor ſhalt not, till neceſſity be ſeru'd.
Iaq. Of what kinde ſhould this Cocke come of?
Du. Sen. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy diſtres,
Or elſe a rude deſpiſer of good manners, 92
That in ciuility thou ſeem'ſt ſo emptie?
Orl. You touch'd my veine at firſt: the thorny point
Of bare diſtreſſe hath tane from me the ſhew
Of ſmooth ciuility: yet am I in-land bred, 96

72. *the*] the F.
73. *wearers*] Singer. wearie F.
Till that the very very means do | of wear *do ebbe* Collier MS. *Till*
ebb Pope. *Till that the very means* | *that the* means, the *very means do*
87. *comes*] F2. come F.

As you like it.

- And know some nourture. But forbear, I say!
He dies that touches any of this fruite,
Till I and my affaires are answer'd. 99
- Iaq.* And you will not be answer'd with reason, I must dye.
Du. Sen. What would you haue? Your gentleness shall
force,
More then your force moue vs to gentleness.
Orl. I almost die for food; and let me haue it!
Du. Sen. Sit downe and feed, & welcom to our table! 104
Orl. Speake you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you!
I thought that all things had bin sauage heere;
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of sterne command'ment. But what ere you are, 108
(That in this desert inaccessible,
Vnder the shade of melancholly boughes,
Loose and neglect the creeping houres of time,)
If euer you haue look'd on better dayes, 112
If euer beene where bells haue knoll'd to Church,
If euer sate at any good mans feast,
If euer from your eye-lids wip'd a teare,
And know what 'tis to pittie, and be pittied, 116
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be!
In the which hope, I blush, and hide my Sword.
Du. Sen. True is it, that we haue seene better dayes;
And haue with holy bell bin knowld to Church; 120
And sat at good mens feasts; and wip'd our eies
Of drops that sacred pity hath engendred:
And therefore sit you downe in gentleness,
And take vpon command what helpe we haue, 124
That to your wanting may be ministred!
Orl. Then but forbear your food a little while!
Whiles (like a Doe) I go to finde my Fawne,
And giue it food. There is an old poore man, 128
Who after me, hath many a weary stepe
Limpt in pure loue: till he be first suffic'd,
(Opprest with two weake euils, age, and hunger,)
I will not touch a bit!
Duke Sen. Go finde him out! 132

113. *beene*] beene F.

132. *finde*] finde F.

As you like it.

And we will nothing waste till you returne.

Orl. I thanke ye; and be blest for your good comfort!

[Exit.]

Du. Sen. Thou seeest, we are not all alone vnhappye:

This wide and vniuersall Theater

136

Presents more wofull Pageants then the Sceane

Wherein we play in.

Ia.

All the world's a stage,

And all the men and women meere Players:

They haue their *Exits* and their Entrances;

140

And one man in his time playes many parts,

His Acts being seuen ages. At first, the Infant,

Mewling, and puking in the Nurses armes.

Then, the whining Schoole-boy, with his Satchell,

144

And shining morning face, creeping like snail

Vnwillingly to schoole. And then, the Louer,

Sighing like Furnace, with a wofull ballad

Made to his Mistresse eye-brow. Then, a Soldier,

148

Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the Pard,

Ielous in honor, fodaine and quicke in quarrell,

Seeking the bubble Reputation

Euen in the Canons mouth. And then, the Iustice

152

In faire round belly, with good Capon lin'd,

With eyes seuer, and beard of formall cut,

Full of wise sawes, and moderne instances;

And so he playes his part. The fixt age shifts

156

Into the leane and flipper'd Pantaloe,

With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side,

His youthfull hose, well sau'd, a world too wide

For his shrunke shanke; and his bigge manly voice

160

(Turning againe toward childish treble) pipes

And whistles in his sound. Last Scene of all,

That ends this strange euentfull historie,

Is second childishnesse, and meere obliuion,

164

Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans euery thing!

Re-enter ORLANDO, with ADAM.

Du. Sen. Welcome! Set downe your venerable burthen,
And let him feede!

As you like it.

Orl. I thanke you most for him.

Ad. So had you neede, 168

¶ I scarce can speake to thanke you for my selfe.

Du. Sen. Welcome! fall to! I wil not trouble you

As yet, to question you about your fortunes.

¶ Giue vs some Muficke! ¶ and, good Cozen, sing! 172

Song.

Amyens. Blow, blow, thou winter winde!

Thou art not so unkinde 174

As mans ingratitude;

Thy tooth is not so keene,

Because thou art not seene,

Although thy breath be rude. 178

Heigh ho! sing, heigh ho! vnto the greene holly:

Most Friendship is fayning; most Louing, meere folly: 180

Then, heigh ho, the holly!

This Life is most iolly. 182

Freixe, freixe, thou bitter skie!

That dost not bight so nigh 184

As benefitts forgot;

Though thou the waters warpe,

Thy sting is not so sharpe

As freind remembred not. 188

Heigh ho! sing, &c.

Duke Sen. If that you were the good Sir Rowlands son,

(As you haue whisper'd faithfully you were;

And as mine eye doth his effigies witnesse, 192

Most truly limn'd, and liuing in your face,)

Be truly welcome hither! I am the Duke

That lou'd your Father: the residue of your fortune,

Go to my Caue, and tell mee! ¶ Good old man, 196

Thou art right welcome, as thy master is!

¶ Support him by the arme! ¶ Giue me your hand,

And let me all your fortunes vnderstand. [*Exeunt.* 199

170. *to*] too F.

181. *Then,*] Rowe. The F.

190, 191. *were* . . . *were*] F.

| are . . . are Hudson (Dyce conj.).

197. *master*] masters F.

As you like it

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, Lords, & OLIVER.

Du. F. 'Not see him since'? Sir, sir, that cannot be! 1
But were I not the better part made mercie,
I should not seeke an absent argument
Of my reuenge, thou present. But looke to it! 4
Finde out thy brother, wheresoere he is!
Seeke him with Candle! bring him, dead, or liuing,
Within this tweluemonth, or turne thou no more
To seeke a liuing in our Territorie! 8
Thy Lands, and all things that thou dost call thine,
Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands,
Till thou canst quit thee, by thy brothers mouth,
Of what we thinke against thee. 12

Ol. Oh that your Highnesse knew my heart in this!
I neuer lou'd my brother in my life.

Duke F. More villaine thou! ¶ Well, push him out of dores! 16
And let my officers of such a nature
Make an extent vpon his house and Lands!
Do this expediently, and turne him going! [*Exeunt.*]

Actus Tertius. Scena Secunda.

The Forrest.

Enter ORLANDO, with a Paper.

Orl. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my loue! 1
And thou, thrice crown'd Queene of night, suruey
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale spheare aboue,
Thy Huntresse name, that my full life doth sway! 4
O *Rosalind*! these Trees shall be my Bookes, 5
And in their barks my thoughts Ile character;

III. i. 1-18; ii. 1-6.]

As you like it.

That euerie eye, which in this Forrest lookes,
Shall see thy vertue witneft euery where.
Run, run, *Orlando*! carne, on euery Tree,
The faire, the chaste, and vnexpressiue thee!

8

[*Exit.* 10

Enter CORIN & Clowne.

Co. And how like you this shepherds life, *Master Touchstone*?

Clow. Truly, Shepheard, in respect of it selfe, it is a [12
good life; but in respect that it is a shepherds life, it is
naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it verie well;
but in respect that it is priuate, it is a very vild life. Now,
in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth mee well; but in [16
respect it is not in the Court, it is tedious. As it is a spare
life, (looke you,) it fits my humor well; but as there is no
more plentie in it, it goes much against my stomacke. Has't
any Philosophie in thee, Shepheard? 20

Cor. No more, but that I know, the more one sickens, the
worfe at ease he is; and that hee that wants money, meanes,
and content, is without three good frends. That the propertie
of raine is to wet, and fire to burne. That good pasture [24
makes fat sheepe; and that a great cause of the night, is lacke
of the Sunne. That hee that hath learned no wit by Nature,
nor Art, may complaine of good breeding, or comes of a very
dull kindred. 28

Clow. Such a one is a naturall Philosopher. Was't euer in
Court, Shepheard?

Cor. No, truly.

Clow. Then thou art damn'd.

32

Cor. Nay, I hope, . . .

Clow. Truly, thou art damn'd; like an ill roasted Egge, all
on one side.

Cor. For not being at Court? Your reason! 36

Clow. Why, if thou neuer was't at Court, thou neuer saw'st
good manners; if thou neuer saw'st good maners, then thy
manners must be wicked; and wickednes is sin, and sinne is
damnation. Thou art in a parlous state, Shepheard. 40

Cor. Not a whit, *Touchstone*! those, that are good maners
at the Court, are as ridiculous in the Countrey, as the behauiour

As you like it.

of the Countrie is most mockeable at the Court. You told me, you salute not at the Court, but you kisse your [44 hands: that courtesie would be vncleanlie, if Courtiers were shepheards.

Clo. Instance, briefly! come, instance!

Cor. Why, we are still handling our Ewes; and their Fels, you know, are greasie. 49

Clo. Why, do not your Courtiers hands sweate? and is not the greasie of a Mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow! A better instance, I say; Come!

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard. 53

Clo. Your lips wil feele them the sooner. Shallow agen! A more founder instance, come!

Cor. And they are often tarr'd ouer with the surgery of our sheepe; and would you haue vs kisse Tarre? The Courtiers hands are perfum'd with Cinet. 58

Clo. Most shallow man! Thou wormes meate, in respect of a good peece of flesh, indeed! Learne of the wife, and perpend! Cinet is of a baser birth then Tarre; the verie vncleanly fluxe of a Cat. Mend the instance, Shepheard! 62

Cor. You haue too Courtly a wit for me: Ile rest.

Clo. Wilt thou rest damn'd? God helpe thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee! thou art raw.

Cor. Sir, I am a true Labourer: I earne that I eate, [66 get that I weare; owe no man hate, enuie no mans happinesse; glad of other mens good, content with my harme; and the greatest of my pride, is to see my Ewes graze, & my Lambes sucke. 70

Clo. That is another simple sinne in you, to bring the Ewes and the Rammes together, and to offer to get your liuing by the copulation of Cattle; to be bawd to a Bel-weather, and to betray a shee-Lambe of a tweluemonth to a crooked- [74 pated, olde, Cuckoldly Ramme, out of all reasonablen match. If thou bee'st not damn'd for this, the diuell himselfe will haue no shepherds; I cannot see else how thou shouldst scape. 78

Cor. Heere comes yong *Master Ganimed*, my new Mistrisles Brother.

As you like it.

Enter ROSALIND, reading a Paper

Rof. From the east to westerne Inde,
no iewel is like Rosalinde. 82
Hir worth, being mounted on the winde,
through all the world beares Rosalinde. 84
All the pictures, fairest linde,
are but blacke to Rosalinde. 86
Let no face bee kept in mind,
but the faire of Rosalinde! 88

Clo. Ile rime you so, eight yeares together; dinners, and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted: it is the right Butter-womens ranke¹ to Market.

Rof. Out, Foole! 92

Clo. For a tasfe:

If a Hart doe lacke a Hinde,
let him seeke out Rosalinde! 95
If the Cat will after kinde,
so, be fure, will Rosalinde. 97
Wintred garments must be linde,
so must slender Rosalinde. 99
They that reap must sheafe and binde;
then to cart with Rosalinde! 101
Sweetest nut hath fowrest rinde,
such a nut is Rosalinde. 103
He that sweetest rose will finde,
must finde Loues pricke, & Rosalinde! 105

This is the verie false gallop of Verses: why doe you infect your selfe with them?

Rof. Peace, you dull foole! I found them on a tree.

Clo. Truly, the tree yeelds bad fruite! 109

Rof. Ile graffe it with you, and then I shall graffe it with a Medler: then it will be the earliest fruit i'th country; for you'll be rotten ere you bee halfe ripe, and that's the right vertue of the Medler. 113

Clo. You haue said; but whether wisely or no, let the Forrest indge!

¹ *ranke* = file. *rate* Hammer. *rack* (a pace 'which is neither trot nor amble'.—Markham's *Countrie* | *Farme*, I. xxviii. 134) Aldis Wright conj.

As you like it.

Enter CELIA, with a writing.

<i>Rof.</i> Peace!	
Here comes my sifter, reading: stand aside!	
<i>Cel.</i> [<i>reads</i>] <i>Why should this a Desert bee?</i>	118
<i>for it is vnpeopled? Noe!</i>	
<i>Tonges Ile hang on euerie tree,</i>	
<i>that shall ciuill sayings shoe:</i>	121
<i>Some, how brieft the Life of man</i>	122
<i>runs his erring pilgrimage,</i>	
<i>That the stretching of a span</i>	
<i>buckles in his summe of age;</i>	125
<i>Some, of violated vowes</i>	126
<i>twixt the soules of friend and friend.</i>	
<i>But vpon the fairest bowes,</i>	
<i>or at euerie sentence end,</i>	129
<i>Will I Rosalinda write,</i>	130
<i>teaching all that reade, to know</i>	
<i>The quintessence of euerie sprite,</i>	
<i>Heauen would in little show.</i>	133
<i>Therefore, Heauen Nature charg'd,</i>	134
<i>that one bodie should be fill'd</i>	
<i>With all Graces wide enlarg'd:</i>	
<i>Nature presently distill'd</i>	137
<i>Helens cheekes, but not hir heart,</i>	138
<i>Cleopatra's Maiestie,</i>	
<i>Attalanta's better part,</i>	
<i>sad Lucrecia's Modestie.</i>	141
<i>Thus Rosalinde, of manie parts,</i>	142
<i>by Heauenly Synode was deuiz'd;</i>	
<i>Of manie faces, eyes, and hearts,</i>	
<i>to haue the touches deereſt pris'd.</i>	145
<i>Heauen would that ſhee theſe gifts ſhould haue,</i>	
<i>and I to liue and die her ſlaue.</i>	147
<i>Rof.</i> O moſt gentle <i>Jupiter!</i> what tedious homilie of Loue haue you wearied your pariſhioners withall, and neuer cri'de, 'Haue patience, good people!'	150

As you like it.

Cel. [to *Clo.* & *Cor.*] How now! backe, friends! Shepheard, go off a little! ¶ Go with him, firrah!

Clo. Come, Shepheard! let vs make an honorable retreit; though not with bagge and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage. [Exeunt *CORIN* & *TOUCHSTONE.* 155

Cel. Didst thou heare these verses?

Rof. O, yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them more feete then the Verses would beare.

Cel. That's no matter: the feet might beare y^e verses. 159

Rof. I, but the feet were lame, and could not beare themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse. 162

Cel. But didst thou heare without wondering, how thy name should be hang'd and carued vpon these trees?

Rof. I was seuen of the nine daies out of the wonder, before you came; for looke heere what I found on a Palme tree! [166 *Shewing the Paper*] I was neuer so berim'd since *Pythagoras* time, that I was an *Irish* Rat, which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Tro¹ you who hath done this? 169

Rof. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chaine, that you once wore, about his neck. Change you colour?

Rof. I pre'thee, who? 173

Cel. O Lord, Lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meete; but Mountaines may bee remoou'd with Earthquakes, and so encounter.

Rof. Nay, but who is it? 177

Cel. Is it possible?

Rof. Nay, I pre'thee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is! 180

Cel. O wonderfull, wonderfull! and most wonderfull wonderfull! and yet againe wonderful! and after that out of all hooping!² 183

Rof. Good my complection! dost thou think, though I am cararison'd like a man, I haue a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discouerie. I pre'thee tell me who is it, quickly, and speake apace! [187

155. Exeunt . . . Touchstone.] Exit, F. ¹ Tro = Trow.
² hooping = whooping.

As you like it.

I would thou couldst stammer, that thou might'st powre this conceal'd man out of thy mouth, as Wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle; either too much at once, or none at all! I pre'thee take the Corke out of thy mouth, that I may drinke thy tydings! 192

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.

Rof. Is he of Gods making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat? Or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard. 196

Rof. Why, God will send more, if the man will bee thankful: let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin!

Cel. It is yong *Orlando*, that tript vp the Wrafflers heeles, and your heart, both in an instant. 201

Rof. Nay, but the diuell take mocking! speake, sadde brow and true maid!

Cel. I'faith, (Coz,) tis he.

Rof. *Orlando*? 205

Cel. *Orlando*.

Rof. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet & hose? What did he when thou saw'st him? What sayde he? How look'd he? Wherein went he? What [209 makes hee heere? Did he aske for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? And when shalt thou see him againe? Answer me in one vword! 212

Cel. You must borrow me *Gargantuas* mouth first: 'tis a 'Word' too great for any mouth of this Ages size. To say 'I' and 'no,' to these particulars, is more then to answer in a Catechisme. 216

Rof. But doth he know that I am in this Forrest, and in mans apparrell? Looks he as freshly, as he did the day he Wraffled? 219

Cel. It is as easie to count Atomies as to resolute the propositions of a Louer; but take a taste of my finding him, and rellish it with good obseruance! I found him vnder a tree, like a drop'd Acorne. 223

Rof. It may vvel be cal'd *Ioues* tree, when it droppes forth such fruit.

As you like it.

Cel. Giue me audience, good Madam!

Rof. Proceed!

227

Cel. There lay hee, stretch'd along, like a Wounded Knight.

Rof. Though it be pittie to seee fuch a fight, it vvell be-comes the ground.

231

Cel. Cry 'holla!' to the tongue, I prethee! it curuetttes vnseasonably. He was furnish'd like a Hunter.

Rof. O, ominous! he comes to kill my Hart.

234

Cel. I would sing my song without a burthen: thou bring'ft me out of tune.

Rof. Do you not know I am a woman? when I thinke, I must speake. Sweet, say on!

238

Cel. You bring me out. Soft! comes he not heere?

Rof. 'Tis he! flinke by, and note him!

[*CELIA and ROSALIND retire.*

Enter ORLANDO & IAQUES.

Iaq. I thanke you for your company; but, good faith, I had as liefc haue beene my selfe alone.

242

Orl. And so had I; but yet, for fashion sake, I thanke you too for your societie.

Iaq. God buy¹ you! let's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I do desire we may be better strangers.

246

Iaq. I pray you, marre no more trees vvith Writing Loue-songs in their barkes!

Orl. I pray you, marre no moe of my verses with reading them ill-fauouredly!

250

Iaq. *Rosalinde* is your loues name?

Orl. Yes, Iust.

Iaq. I do not like her name.

253

Orl. There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christen'd.

Iaq. What stature is she of?

Orl. Iust as high as my heart.

257

Iaq. You are ful of prety answers. Haue you not bin acquainted with goldsmiths wiues, & cond them out of rings?

240. *Enter* . . .] F (after line 238).

¹ *buy* = be with.

As you like it.

Orl. Not so! but I answer you right painted cloath, from whence you haue studied your questions. 261

Iaq. You haue a nimble wit: I thinke 'twas made of *Attalanta's* heeles. Will you fitte downe with me? and wee two will raile against our Mistris the world, and all our miserie. 265

Orl. I wil chide no breather in the world but my selfe, against whom I know most faults.

Iaq. The worst fault you haue, is to be in loue.

Orl. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best vertue. I am wearie of you. 270

Iaq. By my troth, I was seeking for a Foole, when I found you.

Orl. He is drown'd in the brooke: looke but in, and you shall see him! 274

Iaq. There I shal see mine owne figure.

Orl. Which I take to be either a foole, or a Cipher.

Iaq. Ile tarrie no longer with you: Farewell, good Signior Loue! 278

Orl. I am glad of your departure: Adieu, good Monsieur *Melancholly!*

[*Exit IAQUES. CELIA and ROSALIND come forward.*]

Ros. [*aside to CELIA*] I wil speake to him like a sawcie Lacky, and vnder that habit play the knaue with him. ¶ Do you hear, Forrester? 283

Orl. Verie wel! What would you?

Ros. I pray you, what i't a clocke?

Orl. You should aske me 'what time o'day': there's no 'clocke' in the Forrest. 287

Ros. Then there is no true Louer in the Forrest; else fighting euerie minute, and groaning euerie houre, wold detest the lazie foot of Time as wel as a clocke. 290

Orl. And why not the swift foote of Time? Had not that bin as proper? 292

Ros. By no meanes, sir: Time trauels in diuers paces, with diuers persons. Ile tel you who Time ambles withall, who Time trots withall, who Time gallops withall, and who he stands stil withall. 296

As you like it.

Orl. I prethee, who doth he trot withal?

Rof. Marry, he trots hard with a yong maid between the contra& of her marriage, and the day it is folemnizd: if the interim be but a fennight, Times pace is so hard, that it seemes the length of seven yeare. 301

Orl. Who ambles Time withal?

Rof. With a Priest that lacks *Latine*, and a rich man that hath not the Gowt; for the one sleepest easly, because he cannot study; and the other liues merrily, because he fees no paine: the one lacking the burthen of leane and [306 waifeful Learning; the other knowing no burthen of heauie tedious penurie. These Time ambles withal.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal? 309

Rof. With a theefe to the gallowes; for though hee go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himfelfe too soon there.

Orl. Who staies it stil withal? 312

Rof. With Lawiers in the vacation; for they sleepe betweene Terme and Terme, and then they perceiue not how Time moues.

Orl. Where dwel you, prettie youth? 316

Rof. With this Shepheardeffe, my sifter; heere in the skirts of the Forrest, like fringe vpon a petticoat.

Orl. Are you natue of this place? 319

Rof. As the Conie that you see dwell where shee is kindled.

Orl. Your accent is something finer then you could purchase in so remoued a dwelling. 323

Rof. I haue bin told so of many: but, indeed, an olde religious Vnckle of mine taught me to speake, who was in his youth an inland man; one that knew Courtship too well, for there he fel in loue. I haue heard him read many [327 Lectors¹ against it; and I thanke God I am not a Woman, to be touch'd with so many giddie offences as hee hath generally tax'd their whole sex withal. 330

Orl. Can you remember any of the principall euils that he laid to the charge of women?

Rof. There were none principal: they were all like one another, as halfe pence are; euerie one fault seeming monstrous, til his fellow-fault came to match it. 335

¹ *Lectors* = lectures.

As you like it.

Orl. I prethee, recount some of them!

Rof. No, I will not cast away my phyfick but on thofe that are ficke. There is a man haunts the Forrest, that abufes our yong plants with caruing '*Rofalinde*' on their barks; hangs Oades vpon Hawthornes, and Elegies on brambles; all [340 (forfooth) deifying the name of '*Rofalinde*.' If I could meet that Fancie-monger, I would giue him fome good counfel, for he feemes to haue the Quotidian of Loue vpon him. 343

Orl. I am he that is fo Loue-fhak'd: I pray you, tel me your remedie! 345

Rof. There is none of my Vnckles markes vpon you: he taught me how to know a man in loue; in which cage of rufhes, I am fure, you are not prifoner.

Orl. What were his markes? 349

Rof. A leane cheek, which you haue not; a blew eie and funken, which you haue not; an vnquestionable¹ fpirit, which you haue not; a beard neglected, which you haue not; (but I pardon you for that, for, fimply, your hauing in beard [353 is a yonger brothers reuennew:) then your hofe fhould be vngarter'd, your bonnet vnbande, your fleeue vnbutton'd, your fhoe vntide, and euerie thing about you demonftrating a carelefse defolation. But you are no fuch man; you [357 are rather point deuide in your accouftraments, as louing your felfe, then feeming the Louer of any other.

Orl. Faire youth, I would I could make thee beleue, I Loue! 361

Rof. Me beleue it! You may affoone make her that you Loue, beleue it; which, I warrant, fhe is apter to do then to confeffe fhe do's: that is one of the points in the which women ftill giue the lie to their confciences. But, in [365 good foorth, are you he that hangs the verfes on the Trees, wherein *Rofalind* is fo admired?

Orl. I fweare to thee, youth, by the white hand of *Rofalind*, I am that he, that vnfortunate he! 369

Ros. But are you fo much in loue as your rimes fpeak?

Orl. Neither rime nor reafon can exprefle how much!

Rof. Loue is meerely a madneffe, and, I tel you, deferues

341 *deifying*] F2. *defying* F. 348. *are*] art F.
¹ *unquestionable* = inconuerfable.

As you like it.

as wel a darke houle, and a whip, as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so punish'd and cured is, that the Lunacie is so ordinarie, that the whippers are in loue too. Yet I professe curing it by counsell. 376

Orl. Did you euer cure any so?

Rof. Yes, one; and in this manner. Hee was to imagine me his Loue, his Mistris; and I set him euerie day to woe¹ me. At which time would I, being but a moonish youth, greene, be effeminate, changeable, longing and liking, [381 proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of teares, full of smiles; for euerie passion something, and for no passion truly any thing; (as boyes and women are, for the most part, cattle of this colour;) would now like him, now loath [385 him; then entertaine him, then forswear him; now weepe for him, then spit at him: that I draue my Sutor from his mad humor of loue to a liuing humor of madnes; *which* was, to forswear the full stream of y^e world, and to liue in a [389 nooke meely Monastick. And thus I cur'd him; and this way wil I take vpon mee to wash your Liuer as cleane as a found sheepes heart, that there shal not be one spot of Loue in't! 393

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

Rof. I would cure you, if you would but call me *Rosalind*, and come euerie day to my Coat,² and woe me. 396

Orlan. Now, by the faith of my loue, I will! Tel me where it is!

Rof. Go with me to it, and Ile shew it you! and, by the way, you shal tell me where in the Forrest you liue. Wil you go? 401

Orl. With all my heart, good youth!

Rof. Nay, you must call mee *Rosalind*. ¶ Come, sister, will you go? [Exeunt. 404

¹ woe = woee.

² Coat = cote, cottage.

As you like it.

Actus Tertius. Scœna Tertia.

Another part of the Forrest.

Enter Clowne, AUDREY; & IAGUES behind.

Clo. Come apace, good *Audrey*! I wil fetch vp your Goates, *Audrey*! And how, *Audrey*? am I the man yet? doth my simple feature¹ content you?

Aud. Your 'features'! Lord warrant vs! what features? 4

Clo. I am heere with thee, and thy Goats, as the most capricious Poet, honest *Ouid*, was among the *Gothes*.

(*Iag.* [*aside*] O knowledge ill inhabited, worse then *Ioue* in a thatch'd house!) 8

Clo. When a mans verses cannot be vnderstood, nor a mans good wit seconded with the forward childe, Vnderstanding, it strikes a man more dead then a great reckoning in a little room. Truly, I would the Gods hadde made thee poetical!

Aud. I do not know what 'Poetical' is: is it honest in deed and word? is it a true thing? 14

Clo. No, trulie; for the truest poetrie is the most faining; and Louers are giuen to Poetrie; and what they sweare in Poetrie, may be said, (as Louers,) they do feigne.

Aud. Do you wish, then, that the Gods had made me Poeticall? 19

Clow. I do, truly; for thou swear'st to me thou art honest: Now, if thou wert a Poet, I might haue some hope thou didst feigne.

Aud. Would you not haue me honest? 23

Clo. No, truly, vnlesse thou wert hard fauour'd; for honestie coupled to beautie, is to haue Honie a sawce to Sugar.

(*Iag.* A materiall foole!) 27

Aud. Well, I am not faire; and therefore I pray the Gods make me honest.

Clo. Truly, and to cast away honestie vppon a foule slut, were to put good meate into an vncleane dish. 31

Aud. I am not a slut, though (I thanke the Goddes!) I am foule. 33

¹ *feature* = making, composition of verses.

As you like it.

Clo. Well, praised be the Gods for thy foulneffe! fluttishneffe may come heereafter. But be it as it may bee, I wil marrie thee: and to that end, I haue bin with Sir *Oliuer Mar-text*, the Vicar of the next village; who hath pro- [37] mis'd to meete me in this place of the Forrest, and to couple vs.

(*Iaq.* I would faine see this meeting.)

Aud. Wel, the Gods giue vs ioy!

41

Clo. Amen! A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for heere wee haue no Temple but the wood, no assembly but horne-beasts. But what though? Courage! As hornes are odious, they are necessarie. It [45] is said, 'many a man knowes no end of his goods:' right; many a man has good Hornes, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowrie of his wife; 'tis none of his owne getting. Hornes? euen so: poore men alone? No, no! [49] the noblest Deere hath them as huge as the Rascall. Is the single man therefore blessed? No: as a wall'd Towne is more worthier then a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable then the bare brow of a Batchel- [53] ler; and by how much defence is better then no skill, by so much is a horne more precious then to want. Heere comes Sir *Oliuer*!

56

Enter Sir OLIVER MAR-TEXT.

Sir *Oliuer Mar-text*, you are wel met! Will you dispatch vs heere vnder this tree, or shal we go with you to your Chappell?

Ol. Is there none heere to giue the woman?

60

Clo. I wil not take her on giuft of any man.

Ol. Truly, she must be giuen, or the marriage is not lawfull.

Iaq. [*advancing*] Proceed, proceede! Ile giue her.

64

Clo. Good euen, good *Master* What-ye-cal't! how do you, Sir? [*IAQ. takes off his hat*] You are verie well met: God-dild you for your last companie! I am verie glad to see you: (euen a toy in hand heere, Sir :) Nay, pray be couer'd!

68

Iaq. Wil you be married, Motley?

Clo. As the Oxe hath his bow, fir, the horse his curb, and

56. *Enter . . .*] F (*after want*).

As you like it.

the Falcon her bells, so man hath his desires; and as Pigeons bill, so wedlocke would be nibbling. 72

Iaq. And wil you (being a man of your breeding) be married vnder a bush, like a begger? Get you to church, and haue a good Priest that can tel you what marriage is! this fellow wil but ioyn you together as they ioyn [76 Wainfcot; then one of you wil proue a shrunke pannel, and, like greene timber, warpe, warpe. 78

Clo. I am not in the minde but I were better to bee married of him then of another: for he is not like to marrie me wel; and not being wel married, it wil be a good excuse for me heereafter to leaue my wife. 82

Iaq. Goe thou with mee, and let me counfel thee!

Clo. Come, sweete *Audrey*!

We must be married, or we must liue in baudrey. 85

¶ Farewel, good *Master Oliuer*! not,

O sweet *Oliuer*,

O braue *Oliuer*,

Leaue me not behind thee! 89

but,

Winde away,

Bee gone, I say, 92

I wil not to wedding with thee!

[*Exeunt* *IAQUES*, *Clowne*, and *AUDREY*.]

Ol. 'Tis no matter: Ne're a fantastical knaue of them all shal flout me out of my calling! [*Exit.* 95

Actus Tertius. Scœna Quarta.

Another part of the Forrest. Before a Cottage.

Enter ROSALIND & CELIA.

Rof. Neuer talke to me! I wil weepe! 1

Cel. Do, I prethee! but yet haue the grace to confider that teares do not become a man.

Rof. But haue I not cause to weepe? 4

84. *Clo.*] *Ol. F.*

93. *Exeunt* . . . *Audrey.*] *Exeunt. F* (after l. 95).

III. iii. 71-95; iv. 1-4.]

As you like it.

Cel. As good cause as one would desire; therefore weepe!

Rof. His very haire is of the dissembling colour.

Cel. Something browner then *Iudasses*: marrie, his kisses
are *Iudasses* owne children. 8

Rof. I'faith, his haire is of a good colour.

Cel. An excellent colour: Your Cheffenut was euer the
onely colour.

Rof. And his kissing is as full of sanctitie as the touch of
holy bread. 13

Cel. Hee hath bought a paire of cast lips of *Diana*: a Nun
of winters sisterhood kisses not more religiouslie; the very yce
of chastity is in them. 16

Rofa. But why did hee sweare hee would come this
morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

Rof. Doe you thinke so? 20

Cel. Yes; I thinke he is not a picke purse, nor a horse-
stealer, but, for his verity in loue, I doe thinke him as concaue
as a couered goblet, or a Worme-eaten nut.

Rof. Not true in loue? 24

Cel. Yes, when he is 'in'; but I thinke he is not 'in'.

Rof. You haue heard him sweare downright he was.

Cel. 'Was' is not 'is': besides, the oath of a Louer is no
stronger then the word of a Tapster; they are both the [28
confirmer of false reckonings. He attends here in the forrest
on the Duke your father.

Rof. I met the Duke yesterday, and had much question
with him: he askt me, of what parentage I was; I told [32
him, of as good as he; so he laugh'd and let mee goe. But
what talke wee of Fathers, when there is such a man as
Orlando?

Cel. O, that's a braue man! hee writes braue verses, [36
speakes braue words, sweares braue oathes, and breakes them
brauely, quite trauers, athwart the heart of his louer; as a
puisny Tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breakes
his staffe like a noble goose: but all's braue that youth [40
mounts, and folly guides. Who comes heere?

As you like it.

Enter CORIN.

Corin. Mistresse and Master, you haue oft enquired
After the Shepheard that complain'd of loue,
Who you saw sitting by me on the Turph, 44
Praising the proud disdainfull Shepherdesse
That was his Mistresse.

Cel. Well, and what of him?

Cor. If you will see a pageant truely plaid,
Betweene the pale complexion of true Loue, 48
And the red glowe of scorne and prowd disdainne,
Goe hence a little, and I shall conduct you,
If you will marke it.

Ros. [*to CEL.*] O, come, let vs remoue!
The fight of Louers feedeth thofe in loue. 52

¶ Bring vs to this fight, and you shall say
He proue a busie actor in their play! [*Exeunt.* 54

Actus Tertius. Scena Quinta.

Another part of the Forrest.

Enter SILVIA and PHEBE.

Sil. Sweet *Phebe*, doe not scorne me! do not, *Phebe*! 1
Say that you loue me not, but say not so
In bitternesse! The common executioner
(Whose heart th'accustom'd fight of death makes hard) 4
Falls not the axe vpon the humbled neck,
But first begs pardon: will you sterner be
Then he that dies and liues by bloody drops?

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN, behind.

Phe. I would not be thy executioner: 8
I flye thee, for I would not iniure thee.
Thou tellst me, there is murder in mine eye:
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,
That eyes (that are the frailest, and softest things, 12
Who shut their coward gates on atomies)
Should be called tyrants, butchers, murtherers!

III. iv. 42-54; v. 1-14.] 50

As you like it.

Now I doe frowne on thee with all my heart;
And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee! 16
Now counterfeit to frowne; why, now fall downe;
Or, if thou canst not, Oh, for shame, for shame,
Lye not, to say mine eyes are murtherers!
Now shew the wound mine eye hath made in thee! 20
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some scarre of it; Leane but vpon a rush,
The Cicatrice and capable impresse
Thy palme some moment keepes; but now mine eyes, 24
Which I haue darted at thee, hurt thee not,
Nor, I am fure, there is no force in eyes
That can doe hurt.

Sil. O deere *Phebe*,
If euer (as that euer may be neere) 28
You meet in some fresh cheeke the power of fancie,
Then shall you know the wounds inuisible
That Loues keene arrows make!

Phe. But, till that time,
Come not thou neere me! and, when that time comes, 32
Afflict me with thy mockes! pittie me not!
As, till that time, I shall not pittie thee.

Ref. [*aduancing*] And why, I pray you? Who might be
your mother,
That you insult, exult, and all at once, 36
Ouer the wretched? What though you haue no beauty,
(As, by my faith, I see no more in you
Then, without Candle, may goe darke to bed,)
Must you be therefore proud and pittileffe? 40
Why, what meanes this? Why do you looke on me?
I see no more in you then in the ordinary
Of Natures sale-worke. ('Ods my little life,
I thinke she meanes to tangle my eies too!) 44
No, faith, proud Mistresse, hope not after it!
'Tis not your inkie browes, your blacke filke haire,
Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheeke of creame,
That can entame my spirits to your worship. 48

22. *but*] F2.

30. *wounds*] wounds (turned *n*) F.
37. *haue*] hau F.

As you like it.

¶ You foolish Shepheard, wherefore do you follow her,
Like foggy South, puffing with winde and raine?
You are a thousand times a properer man
Then she a woman. 'Tis such fooles as you 52
That makes the world full of ill-fauour'd children:
'Tis not her glasse, but you, that flatters her;
And out of you she sees her selfe more proper
Then any of her lineaments can shew her. 56
¶ But, Mistris, know your selfe! downe on your knees,
And thanke heauen, fasting, for a good mans loue!
For I must tell you (friendly) in your eare,
Sell when you can: you are not for all markets! 60
Cry the man mercy! loue him! take his offer!
Foule is most foule, being foule, to be a scoffer. 62
¶ So, take her to thee, Shepheard! fare you well!
Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a yere together!
I had rather here you chide, then this man wooe.
Ros. Hees false in loue with your foulness, ¶ & shee'll [66
fall in loue with my anger. If it be so, as fast as she answers
thee with frowning lookes, ile fauce her with bitter words.
¶ Why looke you so vpon me?
Phe. For no ill will I beare you. 70
Ros. I pray you, do not fall in loue with mee!
For I am falsder then vowes made in wine:
Besides, I like you not. ¶ If you will know my house,
'Tis at the tuft of Oliues, here hard by. 74
¶ Will you goe, Sister? ¶ Shepheard, ply her hard!
¶ Come, Sister! ¶ Shepheardeesse, looke on him better,
And be not proud! though all the world could see,
None could be so abus'd in sight as hee! 78
¶ Come, to our flocke!

[*Exeunt ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN.*]

Phe. Dead Shepheard! now I find thy saw of might:
'Who euer lou'd, that lou'd not at first sight?'¹ 81
Sil. Sweet Phebe! . . .
Phe. Hah! what saist thou, *Siluius*?
Sil. Sweet Phebe, pittie me!

79. *Exeunt* . . . *Corin.*] Exit. F. | 1st Sestiad. *Works*, ed. Dyce,
¹ Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, | 1870, p. 281, col. 2.

As you like it.

- Phe.* Why, I am forry for thee, gentle *Siluius*. 84
Sil. Where euer sorrow is, reliefe would be :
If you doe sorrow at my griefe in loue,
By giuing loue, your sorrow and my griefe
Were both extermin'd. 88
Phe. Thou haft my loue, is not that neighbourly?
Sil. I would haue you.
Phe. Why, that were couetousnesse.
Siluius, the time was, that I hated thee ;
And yet it is not, that I beare thee loue : 92
But since that thou canst talke of loue so well,
Thy company, which erst was irkesome to me,
I will endure ; and Ile employ thee too :
But doe not looke for further recompence 96
Then thine owne gladnesse, that thou art employd !
Sil. So holy, and so perfect is my loue,
And I in such a pouerty of grace,
That I shall thinke it a most plenteous crop, 100
To gleane the broken eares after the man
That the maine haruest reapes : loose now and then
A scattred smile ; and that Ile liue vpon ! 103
Phe. Knowst thou the youth that spoke to mee yere while ?
Sil. Not very well, but I haue met him oft ;
And he hath bought the Cottage, and the bounds,
That the old Carlot once was Master of.
Phe. Thinke not I loue him, though I ask for him ! 108
'Tis but a peeuisish boy ; (yet he talkes well :)
But what care I for words ? (yet words do well,
When he that speakes them pleases those that heare.)
It is a pretty youth : (not very prettie :) 112
But, sure, hee's proud ; (and yet his pride becomes him :)
Hee'll make a proper man : the best thing in him
Is his complexion ; and faster then his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heale it vp. 116
He is not very tall ; (yet for his yeeres hee's tall :)
His leg is but so so ; (and yet 'tis well :)
There was a pretty rednesse in his lip,
A little riper and more lustie red 120
Then that mixt in his cheeke ; 'twas iust the difference
Betwixt the constant Red, and mingled Damaske.

As you like it.

There be some women, *Siluius*, had they markt him
In parcells as I did, would haue gone neere 124
To fall in loue with him : but, for my part,
I loue him not, nor hate him not ; and yet
I haue more cause to hate him then to loue him :
For what had he to doe to chide at me ? 128
He said, mine eyes were black, and my haire blacke ;
And, now I am remembred, scorn'd at me :
I maruell why I answer'd not againe :
But that's all one ; 'omittance is no quittance.' 132
He write to him a very tanting Letter,
And thou shalt beare it : wilt thou, *Siluius* ?
Sil. *Phebe*, with all my heart !
Phe. He write it strait ;
The matter's in my head, and in my heart : 136
I will be bitter with him, and passing short.
Goe with me, *Siluius* ! [Exeunt.]

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

*The Forrest of Arden. Before a Cottage, as in
Act III. sc. iv.*

Enter ROSALIND, and CELIA, and IAQUES.

Iaq. I prethee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted
with thee !

Rof. They say you are a melancholly fellow.

Iaq. I am so ; I doe loue it better then laughing. 4

Rof. Those that are in extremity of either, are abhominable
fellowes ; and betray themselues to euery moderne censure,
worfe then drunkards.

Iaq. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing. 8

Rof. Why then, 'tis good to be a poete.

Iaq. I haue neither the Schollers melancholy, which is
emulation ; nor the Musicians, which is fantafficall ; nor the
Courtiers, which is proud ; nor the Souldiers, which is [12
ambitious ; nor the Lawiers, which is politick ; nor the Ladies,

127. *I haue*] F2. Haue F.

1. *be*] F2.

III. v. 123-138 ; IV. i. 1-13.] 54

As you like it.

which is nice; nor the Louers, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine owne, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and, indeed, the fundrie [16] contemplation of my trauels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadnesse.

Rof. A Traueller! By my faith, you haue great reason to be sad! I feare you haue sold your owne Lands, to see [20] other mens; then, to haue seene much, and to haue nothing, is to haue rich eyes and poore hands.

Iaq. Yes, I haue gain'd my experience. 23

Rof. And your 'experience' makes you sad: I had rather haue a foole to make me merrie, then experience to make me sad; and to trauaile for it too!

Enter ORLANDO.

Orl. Good day, and happinesse, deere *Rosalind*! 27

Iaq. Nay, then, God buy¹ you, and you talke in blanke verse! [Exit.]

Rof. Farewell, Mounseieur Traueller! looke you liſe, and weare strange suites; disable all the benefits of your owne Countrie; be out of loue with your natiuitie, and almost [32] chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce thinke you haue swam in a Gundello! ¶ Why, how now, *Orlando*! where haue you bin all this while? You a louer! And you serue me such another trickes, neuer come in my sight more! 37

Orl. My faire *Rosalind*, I come within an houre of my promise.

Rof. Breake an houres promise in loue! Hee that will diuide a minute into a thousand parts, and breake but a [41] part of the thousand part of a minute in the affairs of loue, it may be said of him, that *Cupid* hath clapt him oth' shoulder, but Ile warrant him heart hole.

Orl. Pardon me, deere *Rosalind*! 45

Rof. Nay, and you be so tardie, come no more in my sight! I had as lief be woo'd of a Snaile.

Orl. 'Of a Snaile'? 48

17. *my*] F2. by F.

26. *Enter Orlando.*] F (after l. 23).

¹ *buy* = be with.

As you like it.

Rof. I, of a Snaile; for though he comes slowly, hee carries his house on his head; a better ioynture, I thinke, then you make a woman: besides, he brings his destinie with him. 52

Orl. What's that?

Rof. Why, hornes, *which* such as you are faine to be beholding to your wiues for: but he comes armed in his fortune, and preuents the slander of his wife. 56

Orl. Vertue is no horne-maker; and my *Rosalind* is vertuous.

Rof. And I am your *Rosalind*. 59

Cel. It pleaseth him to call you so; but he hath a *Rosalind* of a better leere then you.

Rof. Come, wooe me, wooe me! for now I am in a holy-day humor, and like enough to consent. What would you say to me now, and I were your verie, verie *Rosalind*? 64

Orl. I would kisse before I spoke.

Rof. Nay, you were better speake first; and when you were granel'd for lacke of matter, you might take occasion to kisse. Verie good Orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for louers, lacking (God warne vs!) matter, the cleanliest shift is to kisse. 70

Orl. How if the kisse be denide?

Rof. Then she puts you to entreatie, and there begins new matter. 73

Orl. Who could be out, being before his beloued Mistris?

Rof. Marrie, that should you, if I were your Mistris; or I should thinke my honestie ranker then my wit.

Orl. What, of my suite? 77

Rof. Not out of your apparrell, and yet out of your 'suite'. Am not I your *Rosalind*? 80

Orl. I take some ioy to say you are, because I would be talking of her. 81

Rof. Well, in her person, I say, 'I will not haue you.'

Orl. Then, in mine owne person, I die. 83

Rof. No, faith, die by Attorney! The poore world is almost six thousand yeeres old, and in all this time there was not anie man died in his owne person (*videlicet*) in a loue cause. *Troilous* had his braines dashed out with a [87 *Grecian* club; yet he did what hee could to die before; and

As you like it.

he is one of the patternes of lone. *Leander*, he would haue liu'd manie a faire yeere though *Hero* had turn'd Nun, if it had not bin for a hot Midfomer-night; for (good youth) [91 he went but forth to wash him in the *Hellefpont*, and, being taken with the crampe, was droun'd: and the foolish Chronoclers of that age found it was '*Hero of Ceflos*.' But thefe are all lies: men haue died from time to time, and wormes haue eaten them, but not for loue. 96

Orl. I would not haue my right *Rosalind* of this mind; for, I proteft, her frowne might kill me.

Rof. By this hand, it will not kill a flie! But come, now I will be your *Rosalind* in a more comming-on difpofition; and afke me what you will, I will grant it. 101

Orl. Then loue me, *Rosalind*!

Rof. Yes, faith, will I, Fridaies, and Saterdaies, and all.

Orl. And wilt thou haue me?

Rof. I, and twentie fuch. 105

Orl. What faieft thou?

Rof. Are you not good?

Orl. I hope fo. 108

Rosalind. Why then, can one defire too much of a good thing? ¶ Come, fifter, you fhall be the Priest, and marrie vs! ¶ Giue me your hand, *Orlando*! ¶ What doe you fay, fifter?

Orl. Pray thee, marrie vs! 112

Cel. I cannot fay the words.

Rof. You muft begin: 'Will you, *Orlando* . . .'

Cel. Goe to! ¶ 'Wil you, *Orlando*, haue to wife this *Rosalind*?' 116

Orl. I will.

Rof. I, but when?

Orl. Why now; as faft as fhe can marrie vs.

Rof. Then you muft fay: 'I take thee, *Rosalind*, for wife.'

Orl. 'I take thee, *Rosalind*, for wife.' 121

Rof. I might afke you for your Commiffion. But I doe take thee, *Orlando*, for my husband: there's a girle goes before the Priest! and, certainly, a Womans thought runs before her actions. 125

Orl. So do all thoughts; they are wing'd.

As you like it.

Rof. Now tell me, how long you would haue her, after you haue poffest her?

Orl. For euer, and a day! 129

Rof. Say, 'a day,' without the 'euer!' No, no, *Orlando*; men are Aprill when they woe,¹ December when they wed: Maides are May when they are maides, but the sky changes when they are wiues. I will bee more iealous of thee, [133 then a *Barbary* cocke-pidgeon ouer his hen; more clamorous then a Parrat againft raine; more new-fangled then an ape, more giddy in my defires then a monkey: I will weepe for nothing, like *Diana* in the Fountaine, & I wil do that [137 when you are dispos'd to be merry; I will laugh like a Hyen, and that when thou art inclin'd to sleepe.

Orl. But will my *Rosalind* doe fo?

Rof. By my life, she will doe as I doe! 141

Orl. O, but she is wife!

Ros. Or elfe shee could not haue the wit to doe this: the wifer, the waywarder: make the doores vpon a womans wit, and it will out at the cafement; fhut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole; ftop that, 'twill flie with the fmoake out at the chimney! 147

Orl. A man that had a wife with fuch a wit, he might fay, 'Wit, whether wil't?'

Rof. Nay, you might keepe that checke for it, till you met your wiues wit going to your neighbours bed. 151

Orl. And what wit could wit haue to excufe that?

Rofa. Marry, to fay, she came to feeke you there. You fhall neuer take her without her anfwer, vnleffe you take her without her tongue. O, that woman that cannot make her fault her husbands occafion, let her neuer nurfe her childe her felfe, for she will breed it like a foole! 157

Orl. For thefe two houres, *Rosalinde*, I wil leaue thee.

Rof. Alas, deere loue, I cannot lacke thee two houres!

Orl. I muft attend the Duke at dinner: by two a clock I will be with thee againe. 161

Rof. I, goe your waies, goe your waies! I knew what you would proue: my friends told mee as much, and I thought no leffe: that flattering tongue of yours wonne me:

¹ *woe* = *wooe*.

As you like it.

'tis but one cast away, and so, come, Death! Two o'clocke
is your howre? 166

Orl. I, sweet *Rosalind*.

Rof. 'By my troth,' and 'in good earnest,' and 'so God
mend mee,' and by all pretty oathes that are not dangerous,
if you breake one iot of your promise, or come one minute
behinde your houre, I will thinke you the most patheti- [171
call breake-promise, and the most hollow louer, and the most
vnworthy of her you call *Rosalinde*, that may bee chosen out
of the grosse band of the vnfaithfull! therefore beware my
censure, and keep your promise! 175

Orl. With no lesse religion then if thou wert indeed my
Rosalind! so, adieu!

Rof. Well, Time is the olde Iustice that examines all such
offenders, and let Time try! adieu! [*Exit ORLANDO.* 179

Cel. You haue simply misus'd our sexe in your loue-prate:
we must haue your doublet and hose pluckt ouer your head,
and shew the world what the bird hath done to her owne
neaft. 183

Rof. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst
know how many fathome deepe I am in loue! But it can-
not bee founded: my affection hath an vnknowne bottome,
like the Bay of *Portugall*. 187

Cel. Or rather, bottomlesse; that as fast as you poure
affection in, it runs out. 189

Rof. No, that same wicked Bastard of *Venus*, that was
begot of thought, conceiu'd of spleene, and borne of mad-
nesse; that blinde rascally boy, that abuses euery ones eyes,
because his owne are out, let him bee iudge how deepe [193
I am in loue. Ile tell thee, *Aliena*, I cannot be out of the
fight of *Orlando*: Ile goe finde a shadow, and sigh till he
come.

Cel. And Ile sleepe.

[*Exeunt.* 197

189. *ii*] in F.

As you like it.

Actus Quartus. Scena Secunda.

Another part of the Forrest.

Enter IAGUES and Lords, like Forresters.

Iaq. Which is he that killed the Deare? 1

A Lord. Sir, it was I.

Iaq. Let's present him to the Duke, like a *Romane* Conquerour! and it would doe well to set the Deares horns vpon his head, for a branch of victory. ¶ Haue you no song, Forrefter, for this purpose? 6

A Lord. Yes, Sir.

Iaq. Sing it! 'tis no matter how it bee in tune, so it make noyse enough. 9

Muficke.

A Lord. Song.

What shall he haue, that kild the Deare?

His Leather skin, and hornes to weare! 11

[Then sing him home: the rest shall beare this burthen.

Take thou no scorne to weare the horne!

It was a crest ere thou wast borne: 13

Thy fathers father wore it,

And thy father bore it: 15

The horne, the horne, the lusty horne,

Is not a thing to laugh to scorne! [Exeunt. 17

2, 7. *A Lord.*] Lord. F. For. Rowe. At l. 6 a Lord is addressed in his assumed character of a forrester. See the Entry of Act II.

sc. i. p. 17.

11. *Then sing . . . burthen.*]
Printed as part of the song in F.

As you like it.

Actus Quartus. Scœna Tertia.

Another part of the Forrest.

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

Rof. How say you now? Is it not past two a clock? and heere much *Orlando*!

Cel. I warrant you, with pure loue, & troubled brain, he hath t'ane his bow and arrowes, and is gone forth—to sleepe. Looke, who comes heere? 5

Enter SILVIUS.

Sil. My errand is to you, faire youth;
My gentle *Phebe* did bid me giue you this: [*Glues a Letter,*
I know not the contents; but, as I guesse, *Ros. reads it.*
By the sterne brow, and waspish action 9
Which she did vse, as she was writing of it,
It beares an angry tenure: pardon me!
I am but as a guiltlesse messenger. 12

Rof. Patience her selfe would startle at this letter,
And play the swaggerer. Beare this, beare all!
Shee saies I am not faire; that I lacke manners;
She calls me proud; and that she could not loue me 16
Were man as rare as Phenix. Od's my will!
Her loue is not the Hare that I doe hunt:
Why writes she so to me? Well, Shepheard, well,
This is a Letter of your owne deuice. 20

Sil. No, I protest, I know not the contents:
Phebe did write it.

Rof. Come, come, you are a foole,
And turn'd into the extremity of loue!
I saw her hand: she has a leatherne hand, 24
A freestone coloured hand; I verily did thinke
That her old gloues were on, but twas her hands.
She has a hufwiues hand; but that's no matter:

5. *Enter Silvius.*] F (after *brain*, l. 3).

As you like it.

I say, the neuer did inuent this letter ;	28
This is a mans inuention, and his hand.	
<i>Sil.</i> Sure, it is hers.	
<i>Ref.</i> Why, tis a boyfterous and a cruell stile,	
A stile for challengers ; why, she defies me,	32
Like <i>Turke</i> to <i>Christian</i> : vvomens gentle braine	
Could not drop forth such giant rude inuention,	
Such <i>Ethiop</i> vvords, blacker in their effect	
Then in their countenance. Will you heare the letter ?	36
<i>Sil.</i> So please you, for I neuer heard it yet ;	
Yet heard too much of <i>Phebes</i> crueltie.	
<i>Ref.</i> She ‘ <i>Phebes</i> ’ me : marke how the tyrant vvrites !	39
[<i>Reads</i>] ‘ <i>Art thou god to Shepherd turn’d,</i>	
<i>That a maidens heart hath burn’d ?</i> ’	41
Can a vvoman raile thus ?	
<i>Sil.</i> Call you this railing ?	
<i>Ref.</i> [<i>Reads</i>] ‘ <i>Why, thy godhead laid a part,</i>	
<i>War’st thou with a womans heart ?</i> ’	45
Did you euer heare such railing ?	
‘ <i>Whiles the eye of man did wooe me,</i>	
<i>That could do no vengeance to me.</i> ’	48
Meaning me, a beast.	
‘ <i>If the scorne of your bright eie</i>	
<i>Haue power to raise such loue in mine,</i>	51
<i>Alacke, in me, what strange effect</i>	
<i>Would they worke in milde aspect !</i>	53
<i>Whiles you chid me, I did loue ;</i>	
<i>How then might your praiers moue !</i>	55
<i>He that brings this loue to thee,</i>	
<i>Little knowes this Loue in me :</i>	57
<i>And by him seale vp thy minde ;</i>	
<i>Whether that thy youth and kinde</i>	59
<i>Will the faithfull offer take</i>	
<i>Of me, and all that I can make ;</i>	61
<i>Or else by him my loue denie,</i>	
<i>And then Ile studie how to die ! ’</i>	63
<i>Sil.</i> Call you this chiding ?	
<i>Cel.</i> Alas, poore Shepheard !	
<i>Ref.</i> Doe you pittie him ? no, he deserues no pittie !	
¶ Wilt thou loue such a woman ? What ! to make thee [67	

As you like it.

an instrument, and plaie false straines vpon thee! not to be endur'd! Well, goe your way to her, (for I see Loue hath made thee a tame snake,) and say this to her! That if she loue me, I charge her to loue thee; if she will not, I [71] will neuer haue her, vnlesse thou intreat for her. If you bee a true louer. Hence, and not a word! for here comes more company! [Exit SIL.]

Enter OLIVER.

Oliu. Good morrow, faire ones! pray you, (if you know,) Where, in the Purlues of this Forrest, stands 76
A sheep-coat, fenc'd about with Oliue-trees?

Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbor bottom,
The ranke of Oziers, by the murmuring streame,
Left on your right hand, brings you to the place. 80
But, at this howre, the house doth keepe it selfe;
There's none within.

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description; 84
Such garments, and such yeeres: 'the boy is faire,
Of femall fauour, and bestowes himselfe
Like a ripe sifter: the woman low,
And browner then her brother.' Are not you 88
The owner of the house I did enquire for?

Cel. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are.

Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both,
And, to that youth hee calls his *Rosalind*, 92
He sends this bloody napkin. ¶ Are you he?

Ros. I am: what must we vnderstand by this?

Oli. Some of my shame; if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where, 96
This handkercher was stain'd.

Cel. I pray you, tell it!

Oli. When last the yong Orlando parted from you,
He left a promise to returne againe
Within an houre¹; and, pacing through the Forrest, 100
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancie,
Loe, vvhath befell! he threw his eye aside,
And, marke, vvhath obiect did present it selfe!

¹ Two hours. See IV. i. 158, p. 58.

As you like it.

Vnder an old Oake, whose bows were moss'd with age, 104
And high top bald with drie antiquitie,
A wretched ragged man, ore-growne with haire,
Lay sleeping on his back : about his necke
A greene and guiled snake had wreath'd it selfe, 108
Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd
The opening of his mouth ; but sodainly,
Seeing *Orlando*, it vnlink'd it selfe,
And, with indented glides, did slip away 112
Into a bush : vnder which bushes shade
A Lyonnesse, with vdders all drawne drie,
Lay cowching, head on ground, with catlike watch,
When that the sleeping man should stirre ; (for 'tis 116
The royall disposition of that beast,
To prey on nothing that doth seeme as dead :)
This seene, *Orlando* did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother. 120
Cel. O, I haue heard him speake of that same brother ;
And he did render him the most vnnaturall
That liu'd amongst men !
Oli. And well he might so doe,
For well I know he was vnnaturall. 124
Rof. But, to *Orlando* ! did he leaue him there,
Food to the fuck'd and hungry Lyonnesse ?
Oli. Twice did he turne his backe, and purpos'd so ;
But kindnesse, nobler euer then reuenge, 128
And Nature, stronger then his iust occasion,
Made him giue battell to the Lyonnesse,
Who quickly fell before him ; in which hurtling,
From miserable slumber I awaked. 132
Cel. Are you his brother ?
Rof. Was't you he rescu'd ?
Cel. Was't you that did so oft contriue to kill him ?
Oli. 'Twas I ; but 'tis not I : I doe not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conuersion 136
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.
Rof. But, for the bloody napkin ?
Oli. By and by.

137. *sweetly*] sweetly F.

[V. iii. 104-138.]

As you like it.

When from the first to last, betwixt vs two,
Teares our recountments had most kindly bath'd, 140
As, how I came into that Desert place; . . .
In briefe, he led me to the gentle Duke,
Who gaue me fresh aray, and entertainment,
Committing me vnto my brothers loue; 144
Who led me instantly vnto his Caue,
There stript himselfe, and heere vpon his arme
The Lyonnesse had torne some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted, 148
And cride, in fainting, vpon *Rosalinde*.
Briefe, I recouer'd him, bound vp his wound;
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am, 152
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to giue this napkin,
Died in this bloud, vnto the Shepherd youth, 155
That he in sport doth call his *Rosalind*. [*ROSALIND SWOONS*.
Cel. Why, how now, *Ganimed*! sweet *Ganimed*!
Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on bloud.
Cel. There is more in it. ¶ *Cofen*! . . . *Ganimed*!
Oli. Looke, he recouers! 160
Rof. I would I were at home!
Cel. Wee'll lead you thither.
¶ I pray you, will you take him by the arme?
Oli. Be of good cheere, youth! you, a man! You lacke a
mans heart. 164
Rof. I doe so, I confesse it. Ah, firra, a body would thinke
this was well counterfeited! I pray you, tell your brother
how well I counterfeited! Heigh-ho! 167
Oli. This was not counterfeit; there is too great testimony
in your complexion, that it was a passion of earnest.
Rof. Counterfeit, I assure you! 170
Oli. Well then, take a good heart, and 'counterfeit' to be
a man!
Rof. So I doe: but, yfaith, I should haue beene a woman
by right. 174
Cel. Come, you looke paler and paler: pray you, draw
homewards! ¶ Good fir, goe with vs!

As you like it.

Oli. That will I; for I must beare answere backe
How you excuse my brother, *Rosalind.* 178

Rof. I shall deuise something: but, I pray you, commend
my counterfeiting to him! ¶ Will you goe? [*Exeunt.*]

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

The Forrest of Arden.

Enter Clowne and AWDRIE.

Clow. We shall finde a time, *Awdrie*; patience, gentle
Awdrie!

Awd. Faith, the Priest was good enough, for all the olde
gentlemans saying. 4

Clow. A most wicked Sir *Oliuer*, *Awdrie*, a most vile *Mar-*
text! But, *Awdrie*, there is a youth heere in the Forrest
layes claime to you.

Awd. I, I know who 'tis; he hath no interest in mee in
the world: here comes the man you meane! 9

Clo. It is meat and drinke to me to see a Clowne: by my
troth, we that haue good wits haue much to answer for; we
shall be flouting; we cannot hold. 12

Enter WILLIAM.

Will. Good eu'n, *Audrey!*

Aud. God ye good eu'n, *William!*

Will. And good eu'n to you, Sir! [*Takes off his hat.* 15

Clo. Good eu'n, gentle friend! Couer thy head, couer
thy head! Nay, prethee, bee couer'd! How olde are you,
Friend?

Will. Fiue and twentie, Sir. 19

Clo. A ripe age. Is thy name *William*?

Will. *William*, fir.

Clo. A faire name. Was't borne i'th Forrest heere?

Will. I, fir, I thanke God! 23

Clo. 'Thanke God!' a good answer. Art rich?

Will. 'Faith, fir, fo, fo. 25

12. *Enter William.*] F (after l. 9).

As you like it.

Clo. 'So, fo,' is good, very good, very excellent good; and yet it is not; it is but fo, fo. Art thou wife?

Will. I, fir, I haue a prettie wit. 28

Clo. Why, thou faist well. I do now remember a saying: 'The Foole doth thinke he is wise, but the wiseman knowes himfelfe to be a Foole.' The Heathen Philosopher, when he had a desire to eate a Grape, would open his lips when he [32 put it into his mouth; meaning thereby, that Grapes were made to eate, and lippes to open. You do loue this maid?

Will. I do, fir. 35

Clo. Giue me your hand! Art thou Learned?

Will. No, fir.

Clo. Then learne this of me! 'To haue, is to haue.' For it is a figure in Rhetoricke, that drink, being powr'd out of [39 a cup into a glasse, by filling the one, doth empty the other. For all your Writers do consent, that *ipse* is hee: now, you are not *ipse*, for I am he. 42

Will. Which 'he,' fir?

Clo. 'He,' fir, that must marrie this woman. Therefore, you Clowne, abandon, (which is in the vulgar, leaue,) the [45 societie, (which in the boorish is, companie,) of this female, (which in the common is, woman;) which together is, abandon the society of this Female! or, Clowne, thou perishest; or, to thy better vnderstanding, dyest; or, (to wit) I kill thee, [49 make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy libertie into bondage! I will deale in poyson with thee, or in bastinado, or in steele; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will ore-run thee with policie; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty wayes! therefore tremble, and depart! 54

Aud. Do, good *William*!

Will. God rest you merry, fir! [Exit. 54

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Our Master and Mistresse seekes you; come, away, away!

Clo. Trip, *Audry*! trip, *Audry*! ¶ I attend, I attend! 59
[Exeunt.]

26. *Clo.*] Cle. F.

35. *sir*] sit F.

38. *of*] os F.

53. *policie*] policy F2. police F.

As you like it.

Actus Quintus. Scœna Secunda.

Another part of the Forrest.

Enter ORLANDO & OLIVER.

Orl. Is't possible, that, on so little acquaintance, you should like her? that, but seeing, you should love her? And, loving, woo? and, wooing, she should graunt? And will you perseuer to enjoy her? 4

Ol. Neither call the giddinesse of it in question, the pouertie of her, the small acquaintance, my sodaine wooing,¹ nor her sodaine consenting; but say with mee, I love *Aliena*; say with her, that she loves mee; consent with both, that we [8 may enjoy each other! it shall be to your good; for my fathers house, and all the reuennew that was old Sir *Rowlands*, will I estate vpon you, and heere liue and die a Shepherd. 12

Orl. You haue my consent. Let your Wedding be to morrow! thither will I inuite the Duke, and all's contented followers. Go you, and prepare *Aliena*; for, looke you, heere comes my *Rosalinde*! 16

Enter ROSALIND.

Rof. God saue you, brother!

Ol. And you, faire sister! [Exit. 20

Rof. Oh, my deere *Orlando*, how it grieues me to see thee weare thy heart in a scarfe! 20

Orl. It is my arme.

Rof. I thought thy heart had beene wounded with the clawes of a Lion.

Orl. 'Wounded' it is, but with the eyes of a Lady. 24

Rof. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to found, when he shew'd me your handkercher?

Orl. I, and greater wonders then that. 27

Rof. O, I know where you are: nay, tis true: there was neuer any thing so sodaine, but the fight of two Rammes,

¹ *wooing* = wooing.

6. *her*] Rowe.

16. *Enter Rosalind.*] F (after l. 12).

As you like it.

and *Cefars* Thraſonically bragge of 'I came, ſaw, and ouer-came.' For your brother and my ſiſter no ſooner met, [31 but they look'd; no ſooner look'd, but they lou'd; no ſooner lou'd, but they ſigh'd; no ſooner ſigh'd, but they ask'd one another the reaſon; no ſooner knew the reaſon, but they ſought the remedie: and in theſe degrees haue they made [35 a paire of ſtaires to marriage, which they will climbe incontinent, or elſe bee incontinent before marriage: they are in the verie wrath of loue, and they will together. Clubbes cannot part them. 39

Orl. They ſhall be married to morrow; and I will bid the Duke to the Nuptiall. But, O, how bitter a thing it is, to looke into happines through another mans eies! By ſo much the more ſhall I to morrow be at the height of heart [43 heauineſſe, by how much I ſhal thinke my brother happie, in hauing what he wiſhes for.

Reſ. Why, then, to morrow, I cannot ſerue your turne for *Rofalind*? 47

Orl. I can liue no longer by thinking.

Reſ. I will wearie you, then, no longer with idle talking. Know of me, then, (for now I ſpeake to ſome purpoſe,) that I know you are a Gentleman of good conceit: I ſpeake not this, that you ſhould beare a good opinion of my know- [52 ledge, inſomuch I ſay I know you are; neither do I labor for a greater eſteeme then may in ſome little meaſure draw a beleefe from you, to do your ſelfe good, and not to grace me. Beleeue, then, if you pleaſe, that I can do ſtrange things: [56 I haue, ſince I was three yeare olde, conuerſt with a Magitian, moſt profound in his Art, and yet not damnable. If you do loue *Rofalinde* ſo neere the hart as your geſture cries it out, when your brother marries *Aliena*, ſhall you marrie her. [60 I know into what ſtraights of Fortune ſhe is driuen; and it is not impoſſible to me, if it appeare not inconuenient to you, to ſet her before your eyes to morrow, humane as ſhe is, and without any danger. 64

Orl. Speak'ſt thou in ſober meanings?

Reſ. By my life, I do! which I tender deerly, though I ſay I am a Magitian. Therefore, put you in your beſt aray;

31. *ouercame*] overcome F.

53. *are*] arc F.

As you like it.

bid your friends! for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall; and to *Rosalind*, if you will. 69

Enter SILVIUS & PHEBE.

Looke, here comes a Louer of mine, and a louer of hers.

Phe. Youth, you haue done me much vngentleneffe,
To shew the letter that I writ to you.

Rof. I care not, if I haue: it is my studie, 73
To seeme despightfull and vngentle to you:
You are there followed by a faithful shepheard;
Looke vpon him, loue him! he worships you.

Phe. Good shepheard, tell this youth what 'tis to loue! 77

Sil. It is to be all made of fighes and teares;
And so am I for *Phebe*!

Phe. And I for *Ganimed*!

Orl. And I for *Rosalind*! 81

Rof. And I for no woman!

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and seruice;
And so am I for *Phebe*!

Phe. And I for *Ganimed*! 85

Orl. And I for *Rosalind*!

Rof. And I for no woman!

Sil. It is to be all made of fantasie,
All made of passion, and all made of wifhes; 89

All adoration, dutie, and obseruance,¹

All humbleneffe, all patience, and impatience,

All puritie, all triall, all obseruance;²

And so am I for *Phebe*! 93

Phe. And so am I for *Ganimed*!

Orl. And so am I for *Rosalind*!

Rof. And so am I for no woman! 96

Phe. [*to Ros.*] If this be so, why blame you me to loue you?

Sil. [*to PHE.*] If this be so, why blame you me to loue you?

Orl. If this be so, why blame you me to loue you?

Rof. Who do you speake to, 'Why blame you mee to loue you?' 101

¹ So F. *obedience* Dyce (Collier MS.). | *obeisance* Ritson conj.

100. *Who*] Rowe. Why F.

² So F. *obedience* Malone conj. | 100. *speake to*] *speake too* F.

As you like it.

Orl. To her, that is not heere, nor doth not heare.

Rof. Pray you, no more of this! 'tis like the howling of
Irish Wolues against the Moone. [*To SIL.*] I will helpe you,
if I can: [*to PHE.*] I would loue you, if I could. To mor-
row meet me altogether! [*To PHE.*] I wil marrie you, [106
if euer I marrie Woman, and Ile be married to morrow:
[*to ORL.*] I will satisfie you, if euer I satisfi'd man, and you
shall bee married to morrow: [*to SIL.*] I wil content you, if
what pleases you contents you, and you shal be married [110
to morrow. [*To ORL.*] As you loue *Rosalind*, meet! [*to*
SIL.] as you loue *Phebe*, meet! and as I loue no woman, Ile
meet. So fare you wel! I haue left you commands.

Sil. Ile not faile, if I liue!

Phe.

Nor I!

Orl.

Nor I! [*Exeunt.* 114

Actus Quintus. Scœna Tertia.

Another part of the Forrest.

Enter Clowne and AUDREY.

Clo. To morrow is the ioyfull day, *Audrey*; to morrow
will we be married.

Aud. I do desire it with all my heart; and I hope it is
no dishonest desire, to desire to be a woman of y^e world.
Heere come two of the banish'd Dukes Pages! 5

Enter two Pages.

1. *Pa.* Wel met, honest Gentleman!

Clo. By my troth, well met! Come, fit, fit, and a song!

2. *Pa.* We are for you: fit i'th middle! 8

1. *Pa.* Shal we clap into't roundly, without hauking, or
spitting, or saying we are hoarse? which are the onely pro-
logues to a bad voice.

2. *Pa.* I faith, y'faith! and both in a tune, like two gipfies
on a horse. 13

As you like it.

Song.

*It was a Louer, and his lassè,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o're the greene corne feild did passe, 10
In the spring time, the onely pretty ring time,
When Birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding :
Sweet Louers loue the spring. 19*

*Betweene the acres of the Rie,
With a hey, and a ho, & a hey nonino,
These prettie Country folks would lie, 22
In spring time, &c.*

*This Carrol they began that houre,
With a hey and a ho, & a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a Flower 26
In spring time, &c.*

*And therefore take the present time ! ¹
With a hey, & a ho, and a hey nonino ,
For Loue is crownèd with the prime 30
In spring time, &c.*

Clo. Truly, yong Gentlemen, though there vvas no great matter in the dittie, yet y^e note was very vtunable. 33

1. *Pa.* You are deceiu'd, Sir; we kept time, we loft not our time!

Clo. By my troth, yes! I count it but time loft, to heare such a foolish song. God buy² you! and God mend your voices! ¶ Come, *Audrie*! [Exeunt. 38]

17. *ring*] Edinburgh MS., and | printed as the second stanza in F.
Steevens conj. rang F. | ² *buy* = be with.

¹ *And therefore . . . prime* is |

As you like it.

Actus Quintus. Scena Quarta.

Another part of the Forrest.

Enter DUKE Senior, AMYENS, IAGUES, ORLANDO, OLIVER, CELIA.

Du. Sen. Dost thou beleuee, *Orlando*, that the boy 1
Can do all this that he hath promised?

Orl. I sometimes do beleuee, and sometimes do not;
As those that feare they hope, and know they feare. 4

Enter ROSALINDE, SILVIUS, & PHEBE.

Rof. Patience once more, whiles our compâct is vrg'd!

[*To DUKE*] You say, if I bring in your *Rosalinde*,

You will bestow her on *Orlando* heere?

Du. Se. That would I, had I kingdoms to giue with hir! 8

Rof. [to ORL.] And you say, you will haue her, when I
bring hir?

Orl. That would I, were I of all kingdomes King!

Rof. [to PHE.] You say, you'l marrie me, if I be willing?

Phe. That will I, should I die the houre after! 12

Rof. But, if you do refuse to marrie me,

You'l giue your selfe to this most faithfull Shepheard?

Phe. So is the bargaine. 15

Rof. [to SIL.] You say, that you'l haue *Phebe*, if she will?

Sil. Though to haue her and death, were both one thing!

Rof. I haue promis'd to make all this matter euen.

Keepe you your word, O Duke, to giue your daughter!

¶ You yours, *Orlando*, to receiue his daughter! 20

¶ Keepe you your word, *Phebe*, that you'l marrie me,

Or else, refusing me, to wed this Shepheard!

¶ Keepe you your word, *Siluius*, that you'l marrie her,

If she refuse me! and from hence I go, 24

To make these doubts all euen. [*Exeunt ROS. and CELIA.*]

Du. Sen. I do remember, in this shepheard boy,
Some liuely touches of my daughters fauour.

25. *Exeunt . . .* Exit . . . F.

As you like it.

Orl. My Lord, the first time that I euer saw him, 28
Me thought he was a brother to your daughter :
But, my good Lord, this Boy is Forrest borne ;
And hath bin tutor'd, in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies, by his vnckle, 32
Whom he reports to be a great Magitian,
Obscured in the circle of this Forrest.

Enter Clowne and AUDREY.

Iaq. There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples
are comming to the Arke. Here comes a payre of verie
strange beasts, which, in all tongues, are call'd Fooles. 37

Clo. Salutation and greeting to you all !

Iaq. Good my Lord, bid him welcome ! This is the Motley-
minded Gentleman, that I haue so often met in the Forrest.
he hath bin a Courtier, he sweares. 41

Clo. If any man doubt that, let him put mee to my pur-
gation ! I haue trod a measure ; I haue flattred a Lady ;
I haue bin politicke with my friend, smooth with mine
enemie ; I haue vndone three Tailors ; I haue had foure
quarrels, and like to haue fought one. 46

Iaq. And how was that tane vp ?

Clo. 'Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was vpon the
seuenth cause. 49

Iaq. How 'seuenth cause' ? ¶ Good my Lord, like this
fellow !

Du. Se. I like him very well. 52

Clo. God'ild you, sir ! I desire you of the like. I presse
in heere, sir, amongst the rest of the Country copulatiues, to
sweare and to forswear ; according as mariage binds and
blood breakes : a poore virgin, sir, an il-fauor'd thing, [56
sir, but mine owne ; a poore humour of mine, sir, to take
that that no man else will : rich honestie dwels like a miser,
sir, in a poore house, as your Pearle in your foule oyfter.

Du. Se. By my faith, he is very swift, and sententious. 60

Clo. According to the 'fooles bolt,' sir, and such dulcet
diseases.

29. *daughter*] daughrer F.

34. *Enter . . .*] F (after l. 33).

As you like it.

Iaq. But, for the seuenth cause! How did you finde the quarrell on the seuenth cause? 64

Clo. Vpon a lye, seuen times remoued: (¶ Beare your bodie more seeming, *Audry*!) ¶ as thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a certaine Courtiers beard: he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, hee was in the minde it was: [68 this is call'd the Retort Courteous. If I sent him word againe, 'it was not well cut,' he wold send me word, he cut it to please himselfe: this is call'd the Quip Modest. If againe, 'it was not well cut,' he disabled my iudgment: [72 this is called the Reply Churlish. If againe, 'it was not well cut,' he would answer, I spake not true: this is call'd the Reproofe Valiant. If againe, 'it was not well cut,' he wold say, I lie: this is call'd the Counter-checke Quarrelsome: and so to the Lye Circumstantiall, and the Lye Direct. 77

Iaq. And how oft did you say, his beard was not well cut?

Clo. I durst go no further then the Lye Circumstantiall, nor he durst not giue me the Lye Direct; and so wee measure'd swords, and parted. 81

Iaq. Can you nominate in order now, the degrees of the lye.

Clo. O sir, we quarrel 'in print,' by the booke; as you haue bookes for good manners: I will name you the [85 degrees. The first, the Retort Courteous; the second, the Quip Modest; the third, the Reply Churlish; the fourth, the Reproofe Valiant; the fift, the Counterchecke Quarrelsome; the sixt, the Lye with Circumstance; the seauenth, the [89 Lye Direct. All these you may auoyd, but the Lye Direct; and you may auoide that too, with an 'If'. I knew when seuen Iustices could not take vp a Quarrell, but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of [93 an 'If'; as, 'If you saide so, then I saide so;' and they shooke hands, and swore brothers. Your 'If' is the onely peacemaker; much vertue in 'If'. 96

Iaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my Lord? He's as good at any thing, and yet a foole.

Du. Se. He vses his folly like a stalking-horse, and, vnder the presentation of that, he shoots his wit. 100

As you like it.

Enter HYMEN, ROSALIND, and CELIA.

Still Musicke.

Hymen. <i>Then is there mirth in heauen, When earthly things made eauen Attone together.</i>	103
Good Duke, <i>receiue thy daughter ! Hymen from Heauen brought her, (Yea, brought her hether,)</i>	100
That thou mightst ioine hir hand with his, <i>Whose heart within his bosome is.</i>	108
Rof. [to DUKE.] To you I giue my selfe, for I am yours !	
[To ORL.] To you I giue my selfe, for I am yours !	
Du. Se. If there be truth in fight, you are my daughter !	
Orl. If there be truth in fight, you are my <i>Rosalind !</i>	112
Phe. If fight & shape be true, Why, then, my loue, adieu !	114
Rof. [To DUKE.] Ile haue no Father, if you be not he :	
[To ORL.] Ile haue no Husband, if you be not he :	
[To PHE.] Nor ne're wed woman, if you be not shee.	117
Hy. Peace, hoa ! I barre confusion :	
'Tis I must make conclusion Of these most strange euent :	120
Here's eight that must take hands, To ioine in <i>Hymens</i> bands, If truth holds true contents.	123
[To ORL. and ROS.] You and you, no crosse shall part :	
[To ORL. and CEL.] You and you, are hart in hart :	125
[To PHE.] You, to his loue must accord, Or haue a Woman to your Lord :	127
[To CLO. and AUD.] You and you, are sure together, As the Winter to fowle Weather.	129
Whiles a Wedlocke Hymne we sing, Feede your selues with questioning ;	131
That reason, wonder may diminish How thus we met, and these things finish !	133

107. *hir*] her F2. his F.

As you like it.

Song.

Wedding is great Iunos crowne : 134
O blessed bond of boord and bea!
'Tis Hymen peoples euerie towne,
High wedlock then be honor'd! 137
Honor, high honor and renoune,
To Hymen, God of euerie Towne! 139

Du. Se. O my deere Neece, welcome thou art to me!
¶ *Euen*, daughter, welcome, in no lesse degree! 141
Phe. [to *SIL.*] I wil not eate my word: now thou art mine;
Thy faith, my fancie to thee doth combine. 143

Enter IAQUES DE BOYS, ORLANDOS Second Brother

2. *Bro.* Let me haue audience for a word or two!
I am the second sonne of old Sir *Rowland*,
That bring these tidings to this faire assembly.
Duke Frederick, hearing how that euerie day 147
Men of great worth reforted to this Forrest,
Addrest a mightie power; which were on foote,
In his owne conduct, purposely to take
His brother heere, and put him to the sword: 151
And to the skirts of this wilde Wood he came;
Where, meeting with an old Religious man,
After some question with him, was conuerted,
Both from his enterprize, and from the world; 155
His crowne bequeathing to his banish'd Brother,
And all their Lands restor'd to them againe,
That were with him exil'd. This to be true,
I do engage my life.

Du. Se. Welcome, yong man! 159
Thou offer'ft fairely to thy brothers wedding:
To one, his lands with-held; and to the other,
A land it selfe at large, a potent Dukedome.
First, in this Forrest, let vs do those ends 163
That heere vvere well begun, and wel begot:
And after, euery of this happie number
That haue endur'd shrew'd daies and nights with vs,

157. *them*] Rowe. him F.

164. *vvere*] vvete F.

As you like it.

Shal share the good of our return'd fortune, 167
According to the measure of their states.
Meane time, forget this new-falne dignitie,
And fall into our Rusticke Reuelrie! 170
¶ Play, Musicke! ¶ And you, Brides and Bride-groomes all,
With measure heap'd in ioy, to'th Measures fall! 172
Iaq. [to *IAQ. DE B.*] Sir, by your patience! If I heard
you rightly,
The Duke hath put on a Religious life,
And throwne into neglect the pompous Court ›
2. *Bro.* He hath. 176
Iaq. To him will I: out of these conuertites,
There is much matter to be heard, and learn'd.
[To *DUKE*] You, to your former Honor, I bequeath;
Your patience, and your vertue, well deserues it. 180
[To *ORL.*] You, to a loue, that your true faith doth merit:
[To *ORL.*] You, to your land, and loue, and great allies:
[To *SIL.*] You, to a long, and well-deserued bed:
[To *CLO.*] And you to wrangling; for thy louing voyage 184
Is but for two moneths victuall'd. So, to your pleasures!
I am for other, then for dancing meazures. 186
Du. Se. Stay, *Iaques*, stay!
Iaq. To see no pastime, I: what you would haue,
He stay to know at your abandon'd caue. [Exit. 189
Du. Se. Proceed, proceed! wee'l begin these rights,
As we do trust they'l end, in true delights. [A dance. 191

EPILOGUE.

Ref. It is not the fashion to see the Ladie the Epilogue;
but it is no more vnhandfome then to see the Lord the
Prologue. If it be true, that 'good wine needs no bush,' 'tis
true, that a good play needes no Epilogue: yet to good [195
wine they do vse good bushes; and good playes proue the
better by the helpe of good Epilogues. What a case am I in,
then, that am neither a good Epilogue, nor cannot insinuate
with you in the behalfe of a good play! I am not [199
furnish'd like a Begger, therefore to begge will not become

167. *share*] share F.

191. *A dance.*] Exit, F.

As you like it.

mee. My way is, to coniure you; and Ile begin with the Women. I charge you (O women) for the loue you beare to men, to like as much of this Play as please¹ you! And [203 I charge you (O men) for the loue you beare to women, (as I perceiue by your simpring, none of you hates them,) that betweene you, and the women, the play may please! If I were a Woman, I would kisse as many of you as had [207 beards that pleas'd me, complexions that lik'd me, and breaths that I defi'de not: And, I am sure, as many as haue good beards, or good faces, or fweet breaths, will, for my kind offer, when I make curt'ie, bid me farewell! [*Exeunt.* 211

211. *Exeunt.*] F2. Exit. F.

¹ *please* = may please.

FINIS."

NOTES.

- p. 8, I. ii. 91. '*Sport*'! of what colour? Celia ridicules Le Beus pronunciation of *sport* as *spot*.
- p. 23, II. iv. 35. *Wearing* = Wearying.
- p. 25, II. v. 16. *stanzo*. 'Tiercet: m. A Song of triple Stanzoes, or Stanzo of three verses.'—1611. Cotgrave.
- p. 26, II. v. 48. *Ducdame*. 'Welshman,' a correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* (Sept. 5, 1883, p. 2), wrote: . . . 'when Amiens asks, "What's that *duc dame*?" the dramatist at once sets Jaques into the cunning of the scene, by replying, "'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle.'" Now, in point of fact, Jaques was but verbally repeating the self-same invitation which in the song he was parodying had been twice given in the vernacular, "Come hither, come hither"—"An' if he will come to me." For the "Greek" rendering which accompanied it was good honest Welsh—as nearly as the Saxon tongue could frame it. Its exact Cambrian equivalent is, "Deuwch (gy) da mi," "Come with (or to) me." It is jargon no longer. In early times the Sasnach, no doubt, often heard this "challenge" ("Come if you dare") shouted to him by the Cymri from the hill-top or the embattled crag. Hence it was perpetuated in the mimic warfare of their children's games. So that, instead of being the "jargon" it has been assumed to be, it had a distinct historic *raison d'être*.'

The *Pall Mall Gazette* for Sept. 10, 1883, p. 3, has the following communication from Professor Dowden: 'Among conjectures as to *duc dame*, I should be glad to let a conjecture of my own take its chance. Jaques has all day avoided the Duke; Amiens tells him the Duke is coming to drink under this tree, but he is "too disputable" for Jaques's company. Jaques's song ridicules the folly of the Duke's followers in Arden. What is the Folio's *duc dame* but the French *duc damné*, damned duke? It is "an invocation to call fools into a circle," because the Duke has gathered his followers around him in Arden, and presently they will encircle this tree. It is a "Greek invocation" because it is not Greek, nor Welsh either, but French, the speech of Arden. Jaques will sleep if he can; if he cannot, he will rail at the "first-born of Egypt." Why first-born? Because duke senior, the elder brother, is at present the object of Jaques's spleen.'

Notes.

- p. 29, II. vii. 55. *Seeme senselesse of the bob*. Theobald supplied *Not to* before *seem*. Dyce (Collier MS.) read *But to seem*. Dr. Ingleby thus explains ll. 53-57: 'Why does a fool do *wisely* in hitting a wise man? Because, through the vantage of his folly, he puts the wise man "in a straight betwixt two": to put up with the smart of the bob, without dissembling, and the consequential awkwardness of having to do so—which makes him feel foolish enough—or, to put up with the smart, and dissemble it, which entails the secondary awkwardness of the dissimulation—which makes him feel still more foolish. Taking the former alternative, *i. e.* "If not" ("If *he* do not"), his "folly is anatomized even by the squandering glances of the fool"; taking the latter alternative, he makes a fool of himself in the eyes of almost everybody else. So the fool gets the advantage both ways.'—*Shakespeare Hermeneutics*, 1875, pp. 81, 82. We understand Jaques to mean that a wise man, being (wisely, *i. e.* cleverly) hit, must (really like a fool) pretend it is no hit at all, but turn it off as a joke; otherwise, his folly would be at once apparent to all onlookers: the Fool would have made a fool of him. From 'And why' to 'bob' might be left out, so far as the argument is concerned. The wise man's object is to prevent his folly being made apparent to every one by the Fool. He therefore must laugh (and is thus a fool) when the Fool (then a wise man) does hit his folly.
- p. 39, III. ii. 186. *a South-sea of discoverie*. For *of* Warburton read *off*, *i. e.* from. But Rosalind compares the multitude of questions which Celia must answer to the vast South Sea, that offers the widest range of discovery to explorers.
- p. 55, IV. i. 29. We follow F2 in placing Jaques's exit here, believing, with Mr. Grant White, that Jaques flies the inevitable lovers' talk; and Rosalind mocks him till he is out of sight, pretending the while not to see Orlando, whose delay has piqued her.
- p. 73, V. iv. 4. *As those that feare they hope, and know they feare*. That is: as those to whom fear suggests that they have nothing but hope to rely on, while they have distinct and abiding consciousness of fear.

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